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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

GERMAN STRATEGY WRECKED

GERMAN STRATEGY, like the Marne salient, presents a diminished front as the result of Foch's July counter-offensive, brilliantly aided by our own General Pershing and his army. Even the *Frankfurter Zeitung* admits that "Foch's attack threatens the whole of Hindenburg's plans," and this admission is interpreted by the Philadelphia *North American* to mean "that the most ambitious of Germany's 1918 offensives has collapsed, and that the invaders, weakened in fighting strength, in morale, and in prestige, must laboriously build up the structure of a new campaign." Or, as a French strategist, General Malleterre, expresses it in a dispatch to the New York *World:* "Germany, without rest or mercy, must march toward a mirage of victory." "The minimum fact," remarks the Dallas *News*, is that the Germans, in changing their latest offensive into a retreat, "have had to use defensively a large part of reserves which they had been husbanding to exploit the advantage they had expected to derive from this offensive." This, remarks the St. Louis *Republic*, noting that Germany's man-power has begun to decline while that of the Allies is increasing daily, "is the beginning of the end." The retreat from the Marne, says the Springfield *Republican*, "symbolizes the fact, which now stares Germany in the face, that the time when victory was possible has passed"—to set against which we have the Kaiser's renewed and official assurance to his troops that he is still "certain" that "the desperate efforts of the enemy will, as heretofore, be foiled by your bravery." To quote the Springfield paper again:

"As the result of repeated unsuccessful efforts to break through to Paris or the Channel ports, the German line is sprawled out like a starfish, its projections, as the attack on the Soissons-Marne salient illustrates, exceedingly exposed to risk whenever the Allies are ready for a big offensive. The German 'military map' now reveals a desperate but losing gamble for the highest of stakes. The Germans are still very strong, and they may be able to make some more alarming lunges, but the tide has turned. The skilful and accurately timed counter-stroke at Soissons, prepared by steady 'nibbling' even before the latest German attack began, is a foretaste of the tactics which for Ludendorff spell defeat."

"Never was there a more complete demonstration of Foch's military genius," remarks *The North American*, which gives the following concise account of his operations against the Marne salient:

"For weeks he had been conducting raids on the Soissons-Château Thierry line and had measured the German weakness there as exactly as he gaged the strength of the German assault on the Marne. On July 18, therefore, he struck with irresistible force along the westerly front, and within twenty-four hours had crusht in that side of the salient.

"It is not difficult to follow the significant transformation of the line that ensued. By their new drive the Germans had widened their salient from the shape of a spearhead to the shape of a blunt wedge. Or let us say that the outline was that of a pail, the left side being the Soissons-Château Thierry front, the bottom the Marne, and the right side the northeasterly slope to Reims. After breaking the western defense the Allies closed in steadily from the three directions, until after ten days of furious fighting the salient had contracted to the shape of a wash-basin. If the Germans retreat to the Vesle River their line will have the shape of a shallow saucer; and if they are forced back to the Aisne the saucer will be turned upside down.

"General Foch's mastery of the situation is shown in the fact that his counter-offensive was prepared even before the German blow was struck. The whole plan was adopted on July 13, and when the Germans blundered ahead on their drive two days later the Allied leader waited until they were thoroughly committed and then smote them on the exposed flank, with effects that startled the world.

"Results were quick because the main supply-line for the German forces on the Marne ran south from Soissons to Château Thierry, directly across the line of the Franco-American advance. The first rush cut that line and compelled the Germans to halt their movement southward and eastward, and at the same time strong counter-attacks from those directions put on pressure from all three sides. The Hun had only two unpleasant alternatives—to retreat, thereby advertising to the German people the failure of their 'peace storm,' or to stand and fight, which meant the using up of dwindling reserves to hold a salient which became hourly more difficult to hold by reason of the severing of the principal line of communications.

"It took only a few days to convince the Kaiser's discomfited generals that retreat alone could avert disaster. But even that humiliating move involved tremendous difficulties and losses, for as the space contracted under the encircling pressure of the Allies the routes of retirement came under converging artillery-fire, making the withdrawal of the masses of troops and supplies a slow and complicated operation. It must be said, therefore, that the Germans have shown skill and vigor in carrying out their maneuver, holding the Soissons and Reims sectors, at either corner, and withdrawing the line stretching between those points."

This defeat and reversal of a great German offensive, notes the military expert of the New York *Times*, means far more than is revealed by the map:

"It means a blow to the German plans for the remainder of the year. The Germans were undoubtedly working on a giant scheme based on the occupation of French territory and the success of the German Army in driving back the Allied lines toward the sea and toward the nerve-centers of France.

"A part of this scheme seems to have been another offensive movement against the British lines, which have been for so long relatively quiet. Such an offensive may, indeed, still be launched, but we may be certain that if it is it will be minus the great driving power that it would have had had the Germans not been checked by Foch's move. Had the German move been successful, undoubtedly help would have been sent in some measure to the French from the British front. And the moment the British weakened their lines the Germans would have had an excellent opportunity to strike.

"The situation is now materially changed, if not entirely reversed. The British have not had to weaken their front at all. One or two divisions may have been sent to the line west of Reims, but that no material change has been made in the dispositions of the British Army is practically certain. The Germans, on the other hand, have had to draw on Prince Rupprecht's

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A HANDSOME COMPLIMENT FOR OUR LIBERTY MAP—*Readers of* THE DIGEST *who have preserved our war-maps or have secured the large "Liberty Map," which is an extension and perfection of the full-page maps to show the entire Western Front, will be glad to have an authoritative statement that their maps are the best to be had. Maj. Robert Bradford Marshall, the Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey, writes to us from Washington: "I have received* THE LITERARY DIGEST *Liberty Map and have examined it carefully. It is a fine piece of work in every respect and is by all odds the best that I have seen. The shading scheme is graphic indeed, showing at a glance the track of the Hun in his effort to crush civilization under his cruel, inhuman control. Each home from which has gone a father, a son, a husband, or a brother would certainly appreciate a copy of your Liberty Map, as would those who can not go. By all means try to put one in each home." Other equally kind letters of compliment have also been received from the Vice-President, the Secretary of State, the Inspector-General of the Army, the Provost Marshal-General, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who recently wrote: "The preparation and publication of the Liberty Map by you is a real service to your country."*

army to some extent. Relatively it has been weakened far more than has the British Army. Therefore instead of the German offensive altering the situation on the British front in favor of themselves, they have given the British an additional advantage.

"The whole German plan has been entirely upset and must be rebuilt. In the meantime the Germans have nothing like the force with which to rebuild it as before the attack. Their own offensive was an expensive matter in human material. Particularly so was their effort along the Marne. They have also lost heavily as a result of the subsequent offensive. Foch in the meantime, through the arrival of American troops, is stronger than before he began."

MIS-SENT.

—Powell in the Omaha *Bee*.

And in a special Paris dispatch to the same paper we find the same idea further developed:

"The German plans, which have just been shattered, undoubtedly began to be put into operation with Hindenburg's great strategic retreat of two years ago. At that juncture the Germans found themselves at a standstill in the West faced with an enormous and well-equipped British Army. That Army, supported as it was by the French, threatened at that time, if no other events intervened, to attack the whole German front facing it between the North Sea and the British junction with the French armies. But the Germans, even better than we, realized that in a straight fight on that front, as things then were, there was every possibility of a crushing British victory. It was in the face of such a possibility that Hindenburg drew up the great plan which the Germans have been putting into force ever since.

"The first stage in the operation of this plan was his great strategic retreat across a wide belt of country to the exceptionally strong defensive positions in the rear. This retreat, it may now be admitted, completely upset the Allied plans for a general offensive, which had been maturing for many months. . . . . .

"But delaying the Allies was a mere secondary, altho the more immediately pressing, feature of the plan. The Germans realized keenly that, heavily involved as they were on the whole Eastern Front, they must dispose of Russia and, if possible, Italy as well, before they could think of seriously tackling the British and French on the west.

"With the two eliminated, Germany would be free to throw all her forces on the Western Front, first against France and then against the British, before the Americans would have time to come in.

"Hindenburg's retreat two years ago, which puzzled many people and led to so much controversy, had all these factors for a foundation. Up till a fortnight ago this plan had been carried out practically in its entirety. Russia has been eliminated from the struggle, for the time being at any rate. The same thing may be said, to a certain extent, as regards Italy, for the great Austrian drive of a few months ago so shortened the battle-front between the Adriatic and the Alps that German assistance became to a great extent unnecessary to enable the Austrians to at least hold the Italians, as events have proved. . . . . .

"There remained the French and the British. The German drive from St. Quentin against the British on March 21 we can now see clearly was only preparatory to what the enemy hoped would be a final blow at the French. It proved sufficiently successful to render the British incapable for the moment of all real offensive action, and left the enemy more or less a free hand, as the German command assumed, to deal with the French.

"The German offensives in April (which was a mere diversion only), in May, June, and July followed. The three last named were directed solely against the French. . . . The object of the fifth consecutive offensive was to drive back Gouraud's army in the Champagne and capture Châlons and smash through Berthelot to the west of Reims and seize Epernay, thus bringing about the fall of Reims and cutting off Verdun and the armies of the East from Paris.

"The next step was to have been to swing around on Paris from the south of Reims and secure the capital by a general converging advance through the valleys of the Seine, the Marne, and the Oise. How bitter must be the disappointment of Germany is indicated by an article in the *Vorwärts* on July 15, the first day of the offensive, which stated that the general opinion in Germany was that the campaign of the present summer would be a pleasant military parade on an enormous scale, which would result in the final crushing of the enemy."

But General Foch's brilliant and successful counter-offensive is not to be confused with the great Allied drive, which is still in the future, the New York *Globe* reminds us. Predicting that our forces will soon relapse for a time into the policy of patient waiting, *The Globe* says:

"It is to the advantage of the Allies to remain on the defensive until their full forces are in hand. The American additions, it is to be remembered, are not the only ones coming forward. Great Britain is putting in new troops to the number of approximately 500,000, whose recruiting was ordered during the scare of last spring. So France and Italy are working on reenforcements. Next spring the Allied armies will be 2,000,000 stronger than now, and about 10,000,000 stronger in machines of war."

But the Boston *Transcript* finds it hard to believe that Foch will even temporarily surrender the initiative. Says this paper:

"Foch is a soldier of the offensive. As a theorist on strategy, he has never ceased to uphold its importance. To him it is life, and the defensive is death. And now, after a war where, with alternating periods in which the Allies have indeed had the initiative, the offensive advantage has mainly and heavily been on the German side, Foch and the Allied peoples have at last tasted blood; neither peoples nor generalissimo can relinquish this precious initiative. General Foch is a partizan of the psychological element in warfare as opposed to the material. He fights with the aid of the minds and souls of his soldiers as well as with their bodies and the guns in their hands. He is a religious man; he is by nature a disciple of Gideon, that ancient captain who conquered by the might of his faith. It is inconceivable that he should now settle down to a mere test of material and position, fighting a war which is only an answering to his antagonist's plans. General Foch will continue the offensive, if he can."

On the other hand, as Frank H. Simonds points out in the New York *Tribune*, "Ludendorff must attack again, and promptly, or else confess defeat in the campaign which all Germany has been educated to believe would win the war in the present summer and bring a victorious German peace before snow came again." Mr. Simonds goes on to say:

"Another delay of forty days, such as has separated previous efforts, would take us well into September, bring at least 300,000

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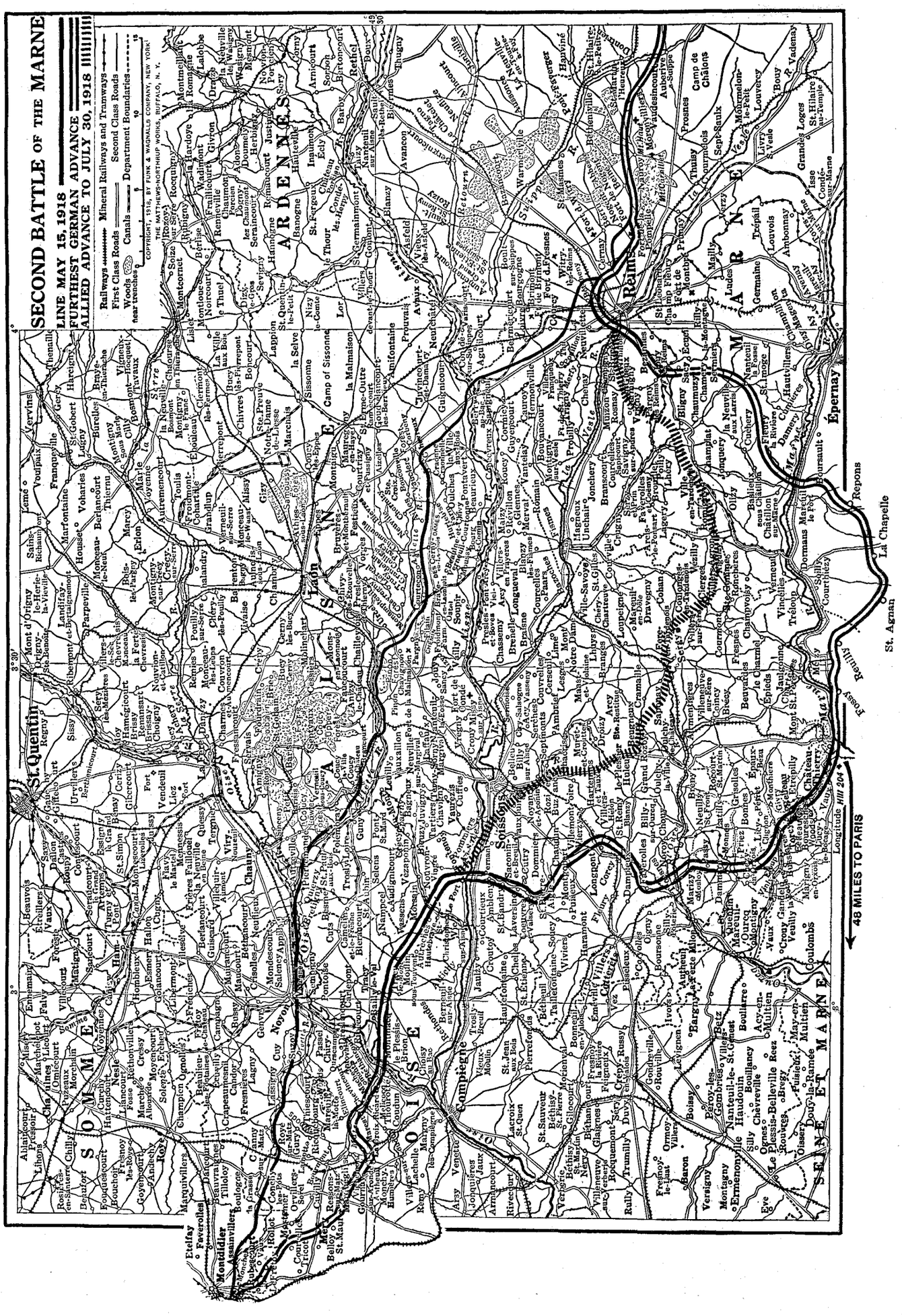

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more Americans to France, and, what is vastly more important, allow time for at least 300,000 American troops already in France, but not yet ready for the combat, to finish their training. Automatically Foch would thus acquire another strategic reserve materially larger than that which he used with such deadly effect south of Soissons the other day.

"But if Ludendorff attacks now he must attack the British, since

"WHO TOLD YOU THERE WERE NO AMERICANS IN FRANCE, PAPA?"
—Kirby in the New York *World*.

the armies of the German Crown Prince, fighting disastrously between the Argonne and Soissons, are in no condition to undertake an offensive. Their supplies have been exhausted, their transport disorganized, and their reserves consumed in the recent unsuccessful battle and subsequent considerable retreat. It is one thing to draw a great army out of a bad hole skilfully and another to throw this army into another vast offensive in a period of days. The thing was possible in the old war of movement, when the questions of munitions and transport were not so important; it is well-nigh inconceivable under existing conditions.

"If Ludendorff elects to strike the British, however, he can employ little more than twenty-five divisions of reserves, so great has been the consumption of shock troops in recent months. Four months ago he brought off his Picardy success with forty divisions, followed immediately by another forty. But the British have now at least ninety full divisions on the Western Front, equal in strength to at least one hundred German divisions. They almost certainly outnumber the Germans before them, and the mass of their divisions are in better condition than those of the enemy.

"The reason for this is simple. The German has steadily pursued the policy of milking most of his divisions of the best men in order to create a certain number of shock divisions. This has given him a wonderful striking force, but it has had two evil consequences. It has materially lowered the value of all but the selected divisions, and it has entailed a disproportionate loss among the best of his man-power, since the shock troops were used in the terribly expensive first assaults in the various offensives. . . . . .

"As it stands, Foch can afford to let the Germans make the first move, and, for moral if not for military reasons, they can hardly refrain from making this move. But it has become excessively risky for them to undertake a new offensive, which would eat up the last reserve divisions of shock troops and insure a counter-thrust if it failed, a counter-thrust bound to be exceedingly dangerous, as the Marne experience has just demonstrated. . . . . .

"As far as one can see, the waiting game, with certain clear modifications, remains the best game for the Allied commander-in-chief. His numbers are growing, he has mastered the new German method of attack, he has pulled down both the strength and the confidence of his foes enormously, and he is in a position to profit instantly by any miscalculation of theirs.

"If the Germans try a new offensive and fail, then may come the moment for the general offensive of the Allies. . . . . .

"Ludendorff is not likely again to possess the initiative, as he did from March 21 to July 15. The conditions have entirely changed, and Foch is in a far different situation, having the power to deal blow for blow with Ludendorff, meet offensive with counter-offensive, and wait or strike as he may choose, instead of waiting to be struck, as he has had to do hitherto for many months. Ludendorff may have to strike, whether he is in a condition to bring off a great success or not, because of political reasons, but when political begin to interfere with military reasons disasters come thick and fast, as the French experience in the last war with Germany demonstrated."

In the meantime, as a correspondent of the Amsterdam *Handelsblatt* records on his return from a visit to France, "from America issues a force against which no European nation can stand. It is a gigantic force, which is developing calmly and scientifically. The German people have not seen what I have seen." "Of all the nations engaged in this war the one that feels most passionately, most unitedly, and most ruthlessly is America," reports T. P. O'Connor, after a year spent in this country as the commissioner of the Irish Parliamentary party. And in the New York *World* we read:

"The Germans have boasted interminably of their will to victory, but the real will to victory is that of the American people, who are fighting for no selfish purposes of their own and seek nothing but for a world in which they can live at peace with their neighbors.

"As the war enters upon its fifth year, its most striking aspect is this American attitude. The conflict is costing the American people approximately $50,000,000 a day. Their loans to the Allies are already double the total cost of the Civil War, yet nobody begrudges this expenditure, nor has the Government asked a single sacrifice in which the main body of the people has not gladly and instantly acquiesced.

"The great mass of the American people would be glad to have peace come to-morrow if it were the right kind of a peace. But

PAPA AND THE BOYS SEEING PARIS.
—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

they will fight four years more if necessary to prevent the wrong kind of a peace, and not waste a minute in counting the cost.

"That is a solid rock of national determination which no German gun can ever shatter, and of all the military, economic, and financial resources of the free nations that is perhaps the most important. It has given new faith and new courage to the civilization that is in a death-grapple with Prussianism, and it carries with it the assurance of final victory."

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LYNCH-LAW AS TREASON

TO GERMANY'S CHARGE that mob murder is a common crime in the United States "America pleads guilty," declares the St. Louis *Republic*, in President Wilson's open letter calling upon the nation to crush the mob spirit which has displayed itself in acts discrediting our nation and the cause of Democracy. While all editors, in common with all good citizens, applaud the sentiments of the President, the New York *Sun* and Philadelphia *Inquirer* can see no immediate occasion for the President's "sudden heat on this subject." The Boston *Transcript*, tho a hater of mob law, suggests that war-time manifestations of the mob spirit have been due to a feeling that the Government was doing nothing to put down dangerous pro-German propaganda. Let the mob spirit be "reprobated and discouraged by a somewhat more vigilant and stern repression of the work of spies, informers, and propagandists, and then the President need not worry about it so much." Yet while no one incident may have given point to the President's appeal of July 26, other editors find it most timely. It is timely, in the Brooklyn *Eagle's* opinion, "because the object-lesson from the work of armies of lynchers is fresh in the public mind." Never before, we are told, "has it been possible to make sympathizers with American mobs see so clearly what they look like to outsiders as it is to-day by the aid of this German example." War-time, the Boston *News Bureau* believes, "is a season when evils long endured can be most readily routed out." This, it thinks, "applies particularly to the type of lynching that has disfigured race relations in the South. . . . Especially when black regiments are winning battle laurels and when German sneers are trying to make capital out of the negro complexion should the old lawless pastime of lynching be sternly stamped out by public authority and public opinion."

We are reminded by the Detroit *Journal* that in 1917 forty negroes were killed in the East St. Louis riots, that thirty more negroes and two whites were lynched elsewhere, all but two of them in Southern States. Only a few were lynched for serious crimes. The hanging of Frank Little and the murder of Präger stand out in ugly prominence, says the Newark *News*, nor are such "outright lynchings the only evidences of mob spirit that have stirred the country," it adds, reminding us of "cases of cruel persecution of foreign laborers" in the West. The New York *Journal of Commerce* believes that President Wilson has been seriously concerned over the reports of outbreaks of mob spirit in southern Ohio, Minnesota, North Dakota, Oklahoma, and Washington State; "the pestilent I. W. W. may have something to do with it, but, in the main, it is directed against persons and families of German origin." The Milwaukee *Free Press* asserts that in its section of the country mobs have been "riding roughshod over law and order to punish instances of alleged disloyalty." The Fargo *Courier-News* recalls mob violence directed against the Non-Partizan League supporters in the recent Minnesota primary elections, and says that "in Nebraska, in Texas, in Washington, and several other States mob violence has been encouraged, and in some instances officials have participated."

Every one of the many lynchings occurring in widely separated parts of the country has been, in President Wilson's words, "a blow at the heart of ordered law and humane justice." To quote some of the strongest sentences from what the Mobile *Register* calls the President's "powerful sermon against lynching":

"No man who loves America, no man who really cares for her fame and honor and character or who is truly loyal to her institutions, can justify mob action while the courts of justice are open and the governments of the States and the nation are ready and able to do their duty.

"We are at this very moment fighting lawless passion. Germany has outlawed herself among the nations because she has disregarded the sacred obligations of law and has made lynchers of her armies. Lynchers emulate her disgraceful example. . . . . .

"I say plainly that every American who takes part in the action of a mob or gives any sort of countenance is no true son of this great democracy, but its betrayer, and does more to discredit her by that single disloyalty to her standards of law and of right than the words of her statesmen or of the sacrifices of her heroic boys in the trenches can do to make suffering peoples believe her to be their savior. How shall we recommend democracy to the acceptance of other peoples if we disgrace our own by proving that it is, after all, no protection to the weak?

"Every mob contributes to German lies about the United States what her most gifted liars can not improve upon by the way of calumny. They can at least say that such things can not happen in Germany except in times of revolution, when law is swept away.

"I therefore very earnestly and solemnly beg that the governors of all the States, the law officers of every community, and, above all, the men and women of every community in the United States, all who revere America and wish to keep her name without stain or reproach, will cooperate—not passively merely, but actively and watchfully, to make an end of this disgraceful evil. It can not live where the community does not countenance it."

This letter, comments the New York *World*, is aimed both at the lynchers who in many parts of the country find their victims only in a single race, and at the counterfeit patriotism which expresses itself in outrages upon people merely suspected of enemy sympathies. Vigorous approval of the President's words appears in newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, including editorials in such dailies as the Springfield *Republican*, New York *Times*, Philadelphia *Press*, Pittsburg *Sun*, Columbus *Ohio State Journal*, Cleveland *Press*, Indianapolis *News*, Chicago *Tribune*, Milwaukee *Journal*, Duluth *Herald*, Leavenworth *Times*, and Salt Lake *Telegram*.

"The President denounces lynching"; now, remarks the Albany *Knickerbocker Press*, "wait for the South to stop it." But the Southern press echo President Wilson's sentiments as loudly as do the Northern newspapers just mentioned, wholehearted and unconditional support of the President's campaign against mob law coming from such representative Southern dailies as the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, *Virginian*, and *Journal*, Raleigh *News and Observer*, Nashville *Tennessean*, Savannah *News*, Mobile *Register*, and Dallas *News*. The Vicksburg *Herald* finds it a cause for "profound regret that just as the South was appreciably ridding herself from the evil resort to lynchings the war came on, bringing in its train a propaganda of disloyalty." In war, says the Montgomery *Advertiser*, people become restless, and it is easier "for the violent man, suggesting some act which slightly resembles a service to patriotism, to win a following than it would have been for him to have raised a mob before the war." And this unrest, *The Advertiser* fears, "may increase as the war progresses." The Houston *Chronicle* fully agrees with the Alabama daily that President Wilson was justified in issuing his warning against mob activities, for, it says, "they have come to play a conspicuous part in our system of justice, and latterly in our prosecution of the war." President Wilson's appeal, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, is identical in aim and purpose with its own campaign of many years' standing. Lynch-law, declares the Georgia paper, remembering that its own State has had a discreditably high record of lynching of late, "not only disgraces the State that permits it," but "disgraces the entire nation, weakens its position, and tends to undermine its strength and to help its enemy in this war." And *The Constitution* concludes by warning the people of Georgia that "if they do not stamp mob law out of existence in this and other States, the United States Government will."

The hearty, nation-wide assent to President Wilson's plea reminds the New York *Evening Post* of how the farmer in Tennyson's poem listened to the parson: "He had only said what he ought to of said, and so 'I coom'd awaäy.'" To make the country safe against lynching, declares *The Evening Post*, "it must be made most unsafe for lynchers"; a community sentiment must be aroused up against lynching.

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WHY LEAVE THE SOWING TO THE ENEMY?

—Brown in the Chicago *Daily News*.

FIDDLING WHILE RUSSIA BURNS

WHAT WE DO IN RUSSIA we must do quickly if we would save Russia and defeat Germany, urge anxious writers in our press. "It is time to act," writes ex-President Taft in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Day by day," avers the London *Times*, "we are losing the chance even to rebuild upon the ashes of Russia." "Is Germany to kill democracy with the sword and the Allies to kill it with watchful waiting?" asks its New York namesake. Appeals from representatives of various non-Bolshevik elements in what was the Empire of the Romanofs have repeated their call for speed. The provisional pro-Ally Siberian Government in Vladivostok and the Czecho-Slovak commander ask the Allies to hasten with military aid for the Czecho-Slovaks and others who are holding Siberia against the Germans and their friends. German penetration northward from the Gulf of Finland has convinced most of our editors that the Allied forces were landed none too soon on the Murman coast. And their presence there is the more welcome since the Entente diplomats were forced to flee from Vologda to Archangel, and thence to Kandalaska on the Kola railroad in Russian Lapland. The assassination of Mirbach in Moscow and Eichhorn in Kief and actual armed revolt in the Ukraine and on a lesser scale elsewhere are indications of a serious unrest in the Russian provinces now dominated by Germany and lead many in this country to believe that an Allied army in Russia would find itself among friends. Indeed, on at least one occasion victims of German oppression have been looking for Allied help and have suffered because it was not forthcoming. As the dispatches inform us, Esthonian peasants made desperate by hunger and extortion rose in arms against their Prussian masters when they heard that American and Japanese troops were coming to their assistance. Their hope was vain, and the Germans visited upon them a punishment which was meant to be an object-lesson to all who might look for Allied support against Germany. Nor is it Allied arms alone that Russia needs, and needs quickly, we are told. With famine staring the Russian people in the face, with crops unplanted, currency worthless, farms, factories, and railroads going to ruin, except where operated for the benefit of Germany, delay in bringing help is asserted to be no less fatal from the economic than from the military standpoint.

But the way to help Russia is to beat Germany where she is strongest, argue others, emphasizing the practical and diplomatic difficulties in the way of effective intervention through Kola or Vladivostok. Not so, reply those who are thoroughly convinced that victories on the West Front will avail us little so long as Germany can do her will in the East. "We never shall win the war in the sense of being able to force our terms on Germany unless we again menace her from the East," said an officer just home from Russia to a London correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* and New York *Globe*. A similar argument is made by a writer on the New York *Evening Sun*, who declares that while time is fighting against Germany on the Western Front, it is fighting for her elsewhere. For, we read,

"The war has reached a stage where the Western Front, whether Germany is advancing or retreating there, may be considered, in its relation to the larger strategic values, as Germany's defensive barrier, a barrier behind which she proceeds to cut up the fattest carcass that has fallen to a tribe of hunters these many centuries. If Germany gets away with Russia she wins the war.

"And if time fights against her offensive in France—that offensive with which she hopes to push what is really her defensive barrier as far west as possible—time is just as surely fighting for her in Russia. Time is what she needs in Russia; time to organize, to develop, to enslave; time to get crops into the ground and out again; time to put subject man-power to work; time to start a steady stream of grain and meat and oil and metals flowing into Germany. It is an enormous task she has in Russia, but it can be accomplished, with time."

The crisis in Russia, says the Washington *Post*, which can not forget Allied blunders in dealing with similar situations in the Balkans and elsewhere, "admits of no delay for the adjustment of nice points of procedure; the duty now is to proceed, not to stick at procedure." Dr. Morton Prince, now in France, and not long ago in Japan, who as an authority on abnormal psychology might be thought to understand the ways of some of the Russian revolutionists, says, as quoted in a Paris dispatch to the New York *Times:*

"If the Allies don't soon come to the rescue, Germany will penetrate deeper and deeper into Russia, will extend her domination eastward and acquire an industrial, commercial, and political hegemony which will more than make up for what she will have lost by eventual defeat in the West. . . . . .

"Germany looks ahead. She thinks in terms of twenty years and more. It is not alone the prospect of securing food-supplies during this war which she has in Russia, but she sees the prospect of establishing a vassal Government at Petrograd. This would mean commercial arrangements and political control by which Germany would have unrivaled and unhampered access to the raw material of Russia and monopoly in a market of 150,000,000 people for Germany's manufactures.

"A military commercial empire—Berlin to Vladivostok. That is the potentiality of the present situation and the prospect which Russia, helpless in anarchy, holds out to Germany.

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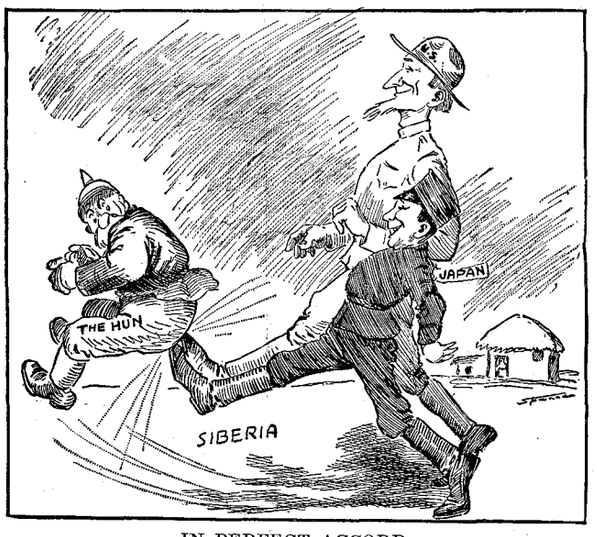
Potentialities are what give a nation the stubbornness, the will to endurance, and therefore the resisting power to hold out in war when otherwise beaten. Take away potentialities from Germany in Russia, and soon there would be a crumbling away of ideals of *Das Deutschtum*, and disintegration of the will to continue the struggle in the West. . . . . .

"If a force of Allied troops were sent into Siberia it would provide a supporting nucleus around which could rally the people of Russia. Thus assured of support which would guarantee them protection, their courage would be revived, and soon the moral and material resources of the country would become mobilized against German invasion and penetration.

"That Russia can be shut off as a potential commercial empire from Germany is made evident by the ease with which a few thousand Czecho-Slovaks have risen and taken control of Vladivostok and the Trans-Siberian Railroad."

The Czecho-Slovak Army, estimated at about a hundred thousand men, only part of whom are armed, control eastern Siberia, with Vladivostok as their base, and a portion of western Siberia, altho there are hostile forces at intermediate points. Farther west, in Russia, the Czecho-Slovaks are apparently in control of most of the valley of the Volga and have captured a number of important cities. According to one report, some of them have reached the Caucasus and have taken a Black Sea port and have captured two or three Russian ships on the Black Sea. But reports from Siberia indicate that the Czecho-Slovaks are now meeting strong resistance and can not accomplish much more without assistance from the Allies. The political situation in Siberia is confused. There are three anti-Bolshevik governments, all professing friendship with the Allies and all cooperating with the Czecho-Slovak Army. There is the Siberian Government at Vladivostok, and another in western Siberia, with its capital apparently at Omsk, while General Horvath has established himself as dictator with headquarters at Harbin. According to the Washington correspondents, the Allies will not recognize any one as supreme in Siberia, but will cooperate with all of the governments as *de facto* authorities.

"For the defense of the Murman region against the powers of the German coalition," an agreement was reached last month by representatives of Great Britain, the United States, France, and the Murman Regional Council. The Entente Powers are to provide a Russian force with the necessary equipment, supplies, transports, and instruction, and are not to interfere in the home affairs of the country. They will furnish food and manufactured goods,

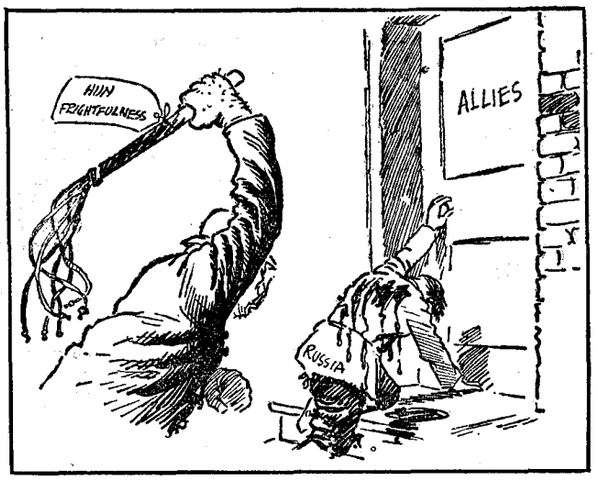


IN PERFECT ACCORD.

—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald.*

their only object being "to guard the integrity of the Murman region for a great United Russia." As the Entente forces work to the south and the Germans press north, news of a conflict may appear any day.

While anti-Bolshevik governments are thus being established in Russia's far East and far North, we hear the president of the provisional government of Esthonia congratulating the French on their recent victory and expressing hope for the liberation of Esthonia. "Read this in connection with the growing restlessness in Finland, with the anti-German peasant war in the Ukraine,



DRIVING HIM BACK.

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune.*

with the signs of ungrateful self-assertion, even in the old Kulturland of Courland, and it is evident," says the New York *Evening Post*, "what possibilities lie on the former East Front for creating a new and formidable instrument of opposition to the Kaiser's ambitions." Dispatches tell of the formation of new independent governments in Turkestan and the Urals. In a recent speech at Moscow, Premier Lenine admitted that the position of the Russian *Soviet* Republic has become extremely acute in view of international complications, counter-revolutionary conspiracies, and the food crisis.

In Petrograd, the old Russian capital, hunger already has struck down thousands, according to the press dispatches. Lord Robert Cecil, British Assistant Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has declared that he understands upon the authority of well-informed persons that the death-roll in Russia this winter from disease, hunger, and malnutrition may reach 20,000,000. While Lord Robert does not vouch for this estimate, he does insist that "only by our aid can Russia live." The Pittsburg *Gazette-Times* comments on this situation:

"Here is a country that in prewar times was more nearly self-supporting than any other in Europe. It raised a large surplus of wheat for export, and its oil production was an important factor in the fuel situation. To-day millions of its own people are hungry, hundreds of thousands are literally starving, and in some sections large populations have been unable to obtain clothing since the beginning of the war. . . . . .

"Recent cable dispatches from neutral countries have referred to the ravages of disease in Russia, and Lord Cecil declares that Asiatic cholera and typhus in all its forms are raging in some of the larger centers of population. . . . . .

"The difficulty of rendering outside assistance lies mainly in the absence of any stable Government in Russia, and in the additional fact that any supplies sent that are not adequately protected by military force in their distribution are liable to be seized by the Central Powers for their own urgent needs."

Dr. Karl Helfferich succeeds von Mirbach as Germany's ambassador at Moscow. It will be his duty, remarks the New York *Evening Sun*, to use his great powers to the end that Germany shall profit to the full from Russia's collapse—

"He must see to it that foodstuffs flow without interruption across the border, that Germany secures absolute control over Russia's vast stores of raw materials and unhampered monopoly in a market of 100,000,000 people. . . . . .

"In this benign work the Doctor is to have the protection of two battalions of German troops."

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PRO-GERMAN RAIN-COATS

STORIES OF THE WAR on the Flanders Front dwell especially on the torrential rains of that region, which in winter drench the fighters by day and freeze at night into a casing of ice, so that protection from the weather becomes a matter not of mere personal comfort, but of actual military necessity. This, in brief, shows the importance of the so-called "rain-coat scandal," in which a number of rain-coat manufacturers and their employees and several government inspectors have been arrested on the charge of supplying our Army in France with garments succinctly described by General Pershing as "rotten." The charges made against the manufacturers are that they had used rotten cloth and rubber in the coats, which were also of smaller dimensions than the specifications and not cemented properly at the seams; and had bribed the inspecting officials to pass the resultant defective and practically worthless garments as satisfactory. Their employees were accused of various acts tending to aid and abet the success of these fraudulent practises.

WANTED: A BLANK WALL AND A FIRING SQUAD!
—Spencer in the Omaha *World-Herald*.

The New York *World* sums up the case in a nutshell: "An army contractor who robs or defrauds the Government is the meanest and most detestable of all the by-products of war." This idea the Buffalo *News* develops to a logical and fitting conclusion, saying: "We don't know what penalty is attached to the crime of grafting on army contracts. We never have heard just what the law holds for a man that is responsible for shoddy uniforms or paper in soldiers' shoes, or for a man that is responsible for the outfitting of a soldier with a rain-coat that won't shed water. But we have a well-defined notion of what the punishment ought to be. We have the notion that a wall and a firing squad ought to be his position." These two expressions of opinion are fairly typical of those of the press in general, which reflect the shock and indignation of the public. Another point of view is taken by the Albany *Argus*, which sees in the affair "a painful evidence of the persistence of crooked business in our American life," but at the same time warns that "we need to be careful not to exaggerate the proportion of it."

Some few papers take a more cheerful view of the disclosures. The New York *Evening Post*, for instance, asserts:

"We have been able to disburse billions, and as yet the accusations of graft and of wilful waste do not mention figures running higher than a few thousand. Apparently times have changed a bit since the Spanish-War days. Mistakes and miscalculations no doubt will cost the American taxpayer very great sums. But unless the future holds some big surprizes for us we may hope that the worst in the line of dishonesty has been, or is in the course of being, exposed."

In this more cheerful view, the Washington *Post* agrees and congratulates the nation that "this is the first graft case of any magnitude that has been developed in the expenditure of billions of dollars for war-purposes." It proceeds:

"It is remarkable that the United States has been so conspicuously free from graft. Tremendous sums have been disbursed on short notice, immense contracts have been awarded, and officials, military and civil, of small personal means have been entrusted with the handling of fortunes.

"There have been charges of wastage and of minor irregularities, but the whole experience of this country has been surprizingly free from accusations of graft or theft or favoritism. All of which makes it the more desirable that the present cases be brought to trial with the greatest possible expedition in order that the facts may be made public, the guilty, if any are found guilty, may be brought to justice, and, what is more important to the morale of the Army, that any military and civilian employees who may be unjustly suspected of complicity may be fully cleared."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

THE *Boche* has two strong reasons for remembering the Marne.—*Washington Post.*

IF Germany surrenders now, Honduras may claim that she did it.—*Lowell Courier-Citizen.*

KAISER BILL should sit down at once and eat his goose. It has been cooked for some time.—*Detroit News.*

NO doubt the Hun who sank the *Robert and Richard* will make it sound like two ships in his report.—*Lowell Courier-Citizen.*

THE Kaiser has the wrong idea. The war will end when he asks for peace terms; not when he proposes them.—*Detroit News.*

WHAT interests an editor most is whether they're going to let George Sylvester Viereck keep the $100,000.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

STILL, Mr. Hearst is not sufficiently Teutonized to refer to what happened to him at Saratoga as "a strategic retirement."—*New York World.*

THE Kaiser's giving General Hell to his troops on the Western Front looks like a rather tardy effort to compete with the Allies.—*Philadelphia North American.*

ONE reason why the colored soldiers now in France want to hurry up and whip the Germans and get back home is that there are no watermelons in France.—*Columbia Record.*

"THERE is no such thing as international law any more," exclaimed the Kaiser to Dr. Davis. Another of the little mistakes of the All-Highest which will be corrected in time.—*New York World.*

THE Hun diplomatists have the eternal effrontery to suggest that the fate of Belgium be settled around the conference-table. You're late, Heinie. Belgium's fate was settled when America entered the war.—*Columbia Record.*

BY the way, did Colonel House suggest this offensive to General Foch?—*Minneapolis Journal.*

THE Kaiser's armies are fighting to make the world safe for his sons.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

THE Emperor Karl has no doubt sent word already to Emperor Wilhelm that he knows how it feels.—*Charleston Mail.*

APROPOS of the rain-coat frauds, it will always be found that a slick slacker makes a slack slicker.—*Washington Post.*

IN the meantime, Germany needn't take the trouble to proceed with any more peace terms. We'll attend to that, too.—*Kansas City Star.*

ONE of the sad things about this war is the fact that after it is over all Americans will be called Yankees.—*Jacksonville Florida Times-Union.*

AUSTRIA has long since realized that her relations with the Hohenzollerns involve numerous assessments and no dividends.—*Washington Star.*

THE French say the only trouble they have with Americans is to hold them back. Odd. That's the same trouble the Huns are complaining of.—*Detroit News.*

IT seems reasonably safe to venture the opinion that the Kaiser's fears of a "soft peace" have materially diminished since the Yankee soldiers got into the fighting.—*Springfield Union.*

GERMAN commanders in France are complaining that their own men in the rear are pillaging supply-trains destined to the Front, which shows what habit and training will do.—*New York World.*

"WE retired from south of the Marne unnoticed," says the official German statement, by way of assurance to the people at home. The Allies noticed about seventeen thousand of them.—*Kansas City Times.*

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FOREIGN - COMMENT

CAN A LEAGUE OF NATIONS WORK?

HOWEVER SHADOWY and ideal the prospect of a League of Nations may have seemed in the past, the opinion is growing up, particularly in England, that it by no means follows that it will be impossible of realization. Taking President Wilson's desire for the formation of such a League as his text, Viscount Grey of Fallodon, the British ex-Foreign Minister, has produced through the Oxford University Press a pamphlet on the subject which shows him to be a whole-hearted supporter of the idea. The London *Daily Chronicle* summarizes for us in convenient form the arguments of this wise and foreseeing statesman. They run:

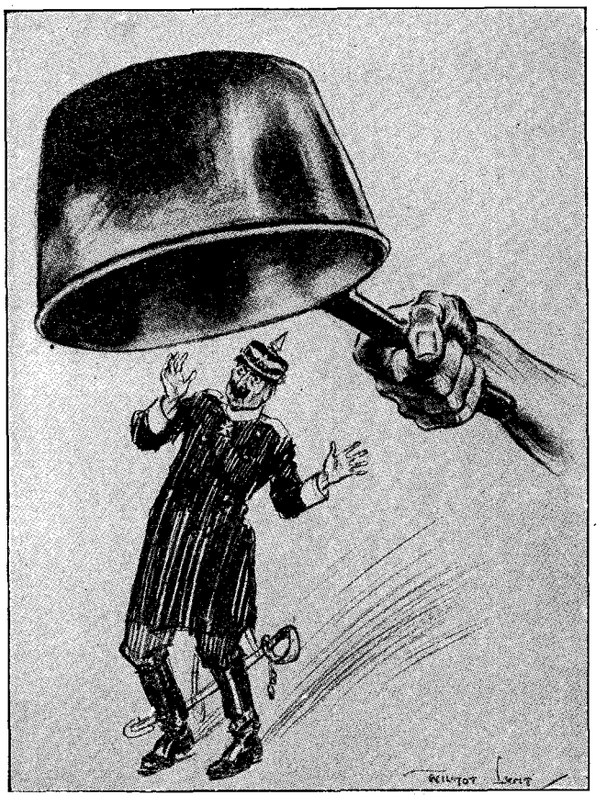
"Lord Grey is strongly convinced of the League's necessity. War, as he points out, has developed into a ruthless and unlimited application of the resources and discoveries of science to the destruction of human life, non-combatant as well as combatant. If future wars remain possible after this war is ended, another generation of scientific work, whose results can not be confined to any one nation, will bring us within sight of the destruction of the human race.

"There are only two working alternatives — to stop war by establishing the permanent domination of one nation over the others, or to stop it by uniting all the nations (or, at any rate, all the leading ones) in a peace-preserving League. The former is the German aim—the permanent domination of Germany. The latter is being realized with increasing clearness as the aim of the Allies; it is the only policy which opens up a future of freedom for the neutrals; and it is probably not unwelcome to Germany's allies, who in secret can scarcely avoid recognizing that it would provide them with a safeguard, not only against their present enemies, but against the overmastering Prussian partner in their own alliance.

"What are the conditions preliminary to the League's being attempted? First, says Lord Grey, it must be adopted with earnestness and conviction by the executive heads of States. In the movement for bringing this about President Wilson has been enabled, by circumstances as well as by inclination, to give a special lead of the utmost value. The only irreconcilable opponent is the military party in Germany; and as long as its rule in Germany continues, Germany will oppose a League of Nations. To overcome this obstacle nothing will suffice short of an Allied achievement convincing the German nation that war does not pay. But, secondly, all the States willing to found the League must understand clearly in advance that its formation will impose some limitation upon the action of each, and may also entail some inconvenient obligation. They must forego their right to make aggressive war; they must shoulder the obligation to take part in putting it down. This requires a definite mental state which has not yet everywhere ripened, and to whose ripening we must now address ourselves."

Lord Grey seems to regard the inclusion of Germany as one of the prerequisites of the League when he writes:

"There remains the opposition of Germany, where recent military success and the ascendency of Prussian militarism have reduced the advocates of anything but force to silence. Germany has to be convinced that force does not pay, that the aims and policy of her military rulers inflict intolerable and also unnecessary suffering upon her; and that when the world is free from the menace of these military rulers, with their sharp swords, shining armor, and mailed fists, Germany will find peaceful development assured and preferable to expansion by war, and will realize that the condition of true security for one nation is a sense of security on the part of all nations. Till Germany feels this to be true, there can be no League of Nations in the sense intended by President Wilson. A League such as he desires must include Germany, and should include no nation that is not thoroughly convinced of the advantage and necessity of such a League, and is therefore not prepared to make the efforts and, if need be, the sacrifices necessary to maintain it."



PAN-GERMANY.

—*Bystander* (London).

This *sine qua non* is ill received in Paris, where there exists a not unaccountable bitterness against the *Boche*, for French opinion so profoundly distrusts the German that in the view of the Paris papers the inclusion of Germany is an entire impossibility. Premier Clemenceau's paper, the Paris *Homme Libre*, says:

"What head of a State would ever consent to put his name at the foot of a treaty with that of the criminal and lying Hohenzollern? Can such a possibility be imagined as the loyal President Wilson accepting from the hand of the Hohenzollern the pen with which to sign a pact of the reconciliation of the peoples? Never!"

The Paris *Journal des Débats*, in an article satirically entitled "Reveries of a Country Gentleman," dismisses the arguments as "the impossible and childish ideas of a man who is unable to realize the practical things of public life." The Paris *Temps* is more moderate but equally condemnatory:

"So long as Germany remains what she is, she excludes herself by her own act from any society of nations which she cannot herself control after the Prussian manner. To try to convince her by argument of the necessity of giving up the religion of force and relinquishing the spirit of war is illusory.

"A society of free nations inveterately allied against the powers of prey is a reality which may be foreshadowed with confidence as a normal state in evolution, but to try to create a league in which will be found alike free men and serfs, victims and executioners, those who have suffered and those who have not expiated their crimes, would be a blunder."

Discussing French comment on Lord Grey's proposals, "Sardonyx," in the London *New Statesman*, has this curious paragraph:

"Lord Grey's pamphlet about a League of Nations has not

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had a strikingly favorable reception in France; but there was at least one sound article upon it in the Socialist press. I imagine that Lord Northcliffe is a much more popular man in French Fleet Street than Lord Grey, and his tips are apt to be accepted there. *The Daily Mail* began by boycotting the pamphlet, just as it began by boycotting the Asquith luncheon at the Aldwych Club; in both cases the boycott broke down and the failure was demonstrated in the usual manner—that is to say, by ill-temper. Perhaps the worst articles on Lord Grey's pamphlet appeared in the *Écho de Paris* on Friday of last week.

HEAVY SEAS AND A RISING STORM.

—*Punch* (London).

It was written by Mr. Géraud, known to the French militarist and reactionary world as 'Pertinax.' On this occasion 'Impertinax' would have been a more suitable pseudonym. Mr. Géraud treated a League of Nations as the idle dream of a 'country gentleman.' The country-gentlemanliness of Lord Grey was insisted upon. Indeed, it occupied the better part of a column, and was embellished with guaranteed and utterly false anecdotes, such as the anecdote that Lord Grey once at a moment of crisis broke an important appointment with statesmen and diplomatists because the fancy suddenly took him to go hunting. I need say no more about this article than that it certainly ought never to have appeared. I sent my copy of the *Écho* containing it to a friend. The copy was a whole copy, as sold in Paris, and not the edition without advertisements which, under the new military law, now has to be produced for foreign circulation. Wishing to read the article again, I got a copy of the foreign edition of the same issue. Sure enough, there was an article by 'Pertinax' in it; but not the same article, quite a different article on quite a different subject. The Grey article had entirely disappeared. Thus were 'Pertinax's' notions about Lord Grey and about Lord Grey's pamphlet judiciously confined to the French public. Which is instructive."

German opinion is even more hostile than the French. The official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* is as doubtful as the Apostle Thomas:

"Viscount Grey's pamphlet on the League of Nations appears just at a time when the Entente, and especially the English newspapers, show ever more clearly that a League of Nations as they have it in view is nothing but an Anglo-Saxon economic trust for strangling all foreign competition."

A torrent of sarcasm descends on Lord Grey's devoted head from the pages of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten:*

"Edward Grey, one of the unforgotten tender nurses at the cradle of the world-war, has written his second book. The first work from his pen dealt with fly-fishing. In his new work the peaceful lord shows he has not forgotten how to fish. The fly this time is German militarism and the public opinion of the world is expected to snap at this somewhat ancient bait.

"Even in the enemy camp there has been much writing against the stupid representation that the wicked 'German military party' is responsible for the misery of the world-war. For every thinking man this legend is long dead. One would expect that a statesman so well acquainted as Grey is with the finest threads of the diplomatic intrigue which led to the world-war would be clever enough to avoid returning to the old lie. Yet he does so, altho in an undeniably skilful way, and with an obvious effort to leave the German people as much as possible out of the count.

"The leaders of the German people, on the other hand, come off badly. Lord Grey charges them with wanting to erect a German world-domination on the basis of the subjection of other peoples, and thus making the League of Nations impossible. He argues that a League of Nations such as Wilson desires must include Germany, but can not be realized as long as the power of German militarism exists. Grey thinks that the German people will be brought by their sufferings to a conviction that the ideals of the military policy of power by which Germany is supposed to be dominated to-day must be set aside. . . . Great Britain will still have to learn a lot before she is ripe for the League of Nations which Grey meanwhile advocates so beautifully in theory."

In one quarter, however, Lord Grey receives a sympathetic hearing. In the *Berliner Tageblatt* General Count Max Montgelas says that it is a step forward that a political expert of so many years' experience should have exprest his views so exactly. The General continues:

"It is clear that a League of Nations must be open to all civilized peoples, otherwise it would be purely an alliance against the countries outside the League. It is equally clear that, as before, so in the future, freedom of land, sea, and air must be guaranteed to every member of the League. Moreover, all customs barriers should be reduced to a minimum and travel and exchange of goods and ideas should be promoted as much as possible.

"Lord Grey fears that the German military party is and must be opposed to the League. Those belonging to the Army itself can not possibly be referred to here. But this must apply, without regard to profession, to all supporters of the 'mailed-fist' policy. There are, however, devotees of the idol of power in all countries. Against them we must fight with our intellect.

"Our aim is a high one—to prevent once for all the return of years of terror like these four years which the world has just experienced with horror. That is the only war-aim that can be regarded as worth our immense sacrifices."

The Count concludes:

"Of one thing I am certain—that many who went out in August, 1914, with imperialistic desires have been taught to realize that the power and welfare of a nation are not increased when millions of its subjects are torn into bloody fragments or crippled by shells, when milliards of the national fortune are destroyed or wasted on work of destruction, when the birth-rate falls while the death-rate and crime steadily increase."

THE SAILORS' LAW—Whatever else the Allied Governments may decide to do, the mercantile marine of both France and England have decided to make it as hot for the Huns as they can. The Paris *Liberté* writes:

"The English sailors have taken irrevocable resolution to boycott the Germans for seven years after the war. They will refuse to work or to sail in the same ships with Germans or to carry any merchandise by ship to German ports. They will do what they have decided because they are freemen and because they are sailors to the backbone—with all the virtues of that race.

"The sailors of France announce through the secretary of their Federation—the famous Mr. Rivelli—that they adhere to the resolution of their British *confrères*. To-morrow the sailors of all the free nations will reconstitute, without the Germans and against the Germans, an international society of the sea which will at the same time lay down their own code of international sea law."

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GERMANY HAS "THE GLOOMS"

A NEW SENSATION is afforded the German people by recent events on the Marne. For four years the German papers have fed their readers with victory-songs to an extent that would have nauseated any other people, but now they are singing a different tune. The German nation as a whole is flabbergasted at the way the much-announced fifth offensive—the "Peace Storm," as it was called—suddenly turned out to be a victorious Allied offensive which the Germans had only to thank themselves for starting. The smaller and more chauvinistic papers, it is true, still keep up the old joy-songs. For example, the Berlin *National Zeitung* does its best to minimize the Allied offensive, and remarks:

"The loss of a strip of ground a few kilometers in depth does not matter at all, when long lines of motor-trucks containing our reserves are driven at top speed to the battle-field. The spirit of these troops is of the best and the feeling is deeply rooted that the fighting which began on July 16 must bring the great decision of the war. Our successes have confronted the enemy with new tasks. Now as before our Supreme Army Command knows that the initiative is fully in its hands."

In marked contrast to this bombast is the sober comment of Gen. Baron von Ardenne, the military critic of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, who admits that Germany is "passing through a period of anxious suspense," and says it would be "a piece of dangerous self-deception to deny that Foch's counter-attack, or rather his concentrated return-offensive, conceived on an extensive scale, had brought him noteworthy advances." The military critic of the *Berliner Lokal Anzeiger* says:

"By these gigantic efforts of our opponents our Supreme Army Command is again confronted with a new situation and must take new measures unless it intends to enforce success immediately at a great cost of troops."

The *Kölnische Zeitung* asserts that the Germans have not lost their "strategical freedom," but admits that—

"The enemy has won territory, that is indisputable, but not because he defeated us, but because we voluntarily retired when the sacrifice of life would not warrant holding the ground gained."

Captain von Salzmann prepares his readers for something considerable in the way of a retreat, and in his Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* writes:

"It is not in the interest of the German Command to allow the Front in France to become stable and fixt again. Our strength is in a war of movement. Hindenburg showed by his great retreat that it was possible, without endangering the whole situation, to transform trench warfare into a war of movement by moving our positions backward. In this connection we Germans have a great advantage, seeing that we stand far in the enemy's country. We have, therefore, all the territory between the German frontier and the present front at our disposal as our field of operations. . . . . .

"It will be a question of who can bring up the most reserves and who can bring up those same reserves at the right moment and use them at the right moment, and can finally keep his nerve. . . . Hindenburg wanted a decision. Now we see it coming, and we can rejoice over our sacrifices in spite of our sorrows. It can not be to our interest to drag the war out into 1919 or 1920, as England especially wants to, for they hope by that time masses of Americans will have been brought to Europe.

"These Americans are to be brought over in masses on the Brussiloff system and to force a break-through by sheer weight of numbers. The danger which menaces us from America is chiefly this: The Americans can and will take over large sectors of the Front in order to leave the French and English free to operate. The Americans can be used as massed cannon-fodder."

The Captain thinks that the odds are still in Germany's hands because the Allies—he alleges—are willing to treat for peace with Germany on "a basis of equality." This brings from the Socialist *Vorwärts* a peace plea which contains some candid admissions:

"The desire of the German people for a speedy end with honor is so strong that sensible accommodation from the other side is bound to lead to its realization. Our enemies to-day have an opportunity of obtaining a peace not prescribed by the war-map, but based on the equipoise of military and economic forces on both sides.

"The policy of truth demanded by Scheidemann requires the admission that the economic forces of the German people are not inexhaustible, and the fact that we are cut off from overseas raw material is being felt more and more.

"The more candidly we speak on this matter the more readily

THE INFANT SAMUEL.

A baby that will take a lot of beating.

—*Bystander* (London).

shall we be believed by our enemies when we say that this oppressive situation can only induce us for years to make greater military efforts, but not to accede to conditions dishonoring the German people and permanently damaging their interests. The conclusion of peace with honor thus corresponds with the interests of the adversary at least in the same degree as our own."

Why the enemy is so gloomy and so anxious for peace the military correspondent of *The Westminster Gazette* tells us:

"Holding the complete initiative is a tremendous power. It is the supreme prize of victory. You can estimate it best by imagining our situation if the enemy gained it, if he had become able to push us where he pleased, to maneuver us into murderous pockets, pound us with his artillery, to leave us no choice save to crowd in more troops and throw good money after bad.

"The pessimists would then have something to pessimize about. To-day that is, on the enemy's side, the outcome of his grandiose but fatal operations. The question of whether, having won the prize of victory, we can keep it, and keeping it decide the issue of the war, will be, if it has not already been, determined by this battle.

"We may in this connection speak, if not without qualification, yet with certain assurance. Undoubtedly, if he could, the enemy in his counter-attacks of the last few days would have wrested this signal advantage out of our hands. He has had to encounter valor and skill more than the equal of his own. Do not let us allude in halting terms to the men who have gained this result. It is not generous. And we may speak with a certain assurance because the preceding battles have had their share in the result, have led up to it, and contributed to its solidity."

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HOW THEY ROBBED ROUMANIA

TOUCHING OUTBURSTS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY flood the Bulgarian press, and Czar Ferdinand and his people exhibit an uncanny desire to live in peace and friendship with their Roumanian neighbors. The generous Bulgarians, entirely at their own expense, are going to build a great bridge across the Danube over which a stream of Bulgarian good-will is to pour into Roumania. Here is what the organ of the new Prime Minister, the Sofia *Preporetz*, has to say:

"We can not live perpetually in this atmosphere of quarrels and hatred, of scorn and contempt. If we give way to feelings of revenge, sooner or later both states will be ruined. Good and sincere neighborly relations should be established without any afterthoughts or envy. The Danube should unite us instead of separating us. Let the bridge to which we have agreed be a symbol of our future friendship."

HARDLY!

"Would any one else like to try some 'peace by negotiation'?"

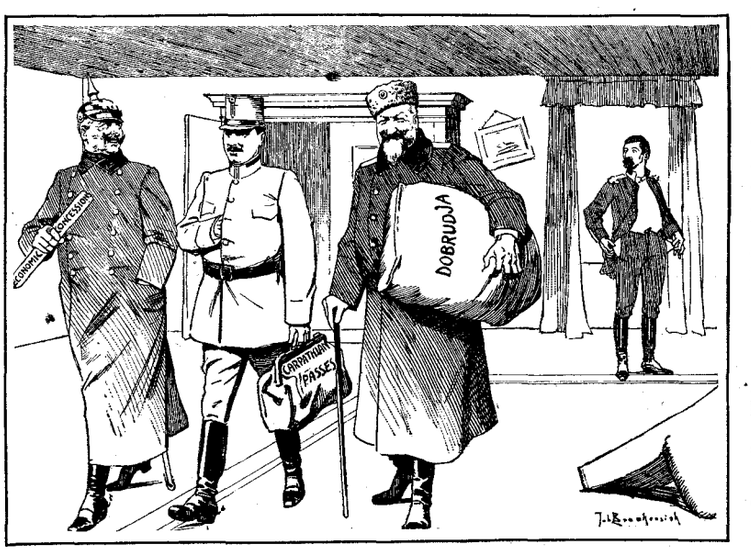
—*The Bulletin* (Sydney, N.S.W.).

This bridge really seems to have hypnotized the Bulgarian public, for we find the ex-Premier Radoslavoff's organ, the *Narodni Prava*, harping on the subject and expressing its admiration for the magnanimous self-restraint the Bulgarians have shown:

"How much we Bulgarians appreciate good neighborly relations with Roumania may be seen from the fact that—after having obtained satisfaction in regard to the Dobrudja—we are going to construct a bridge over the Danube between the two countries. Across this bridge relations will develop in the future between Roumania and Bulgaria which will enable both countries to serve their vital interests. Roumania will profit by it first of all. Roumania ought to be grateful not only for the great magnanimity of Bulgaria, but also for the sincere desire of Bulgaria to live peaceably with her neighbor Roumania."

How likely the Roumanians are to be "grateful" for all this "magnanimity" will appear when we consider the touching way in which the "no annexation, no indemnities" doctrine has been put into force. The London *Outlook* writes:

"If any of our pacifists contemplate the possibility of making reasonable terms with the *Boche*, they should first study the plight of Roumania and should then reflect what the peace terms imposed by an undefeated Germany would be like. Annexations masquerade as 'rectifications of frontier,' indemnities are levied in some specious fashion by a number of so-called agreements, and economic subjection is carefully concealed."



THE ROUMANIAN PEACE.

FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA—"And they call that a 'peace by understanding.'"

—*De Amsterdammer.*

The Outlook goes on to tell us more explicitly how Roumania has been robbed:

"Despite the cry of 'no annexations,' our ally—and Roumania is still our ally—has lost the Dobrudja, and has lost it in part to her most deadly enemy, the Bulgar, tho it is nominally ceded to the Central Powers. . . . In losing a province to which they had established every claim, the Roumanians lost their most considerable port. Constanza forms a natural center for the railroads and waterways which converge from the Danubian plain to the Black Sea. The town is of modern growth and built entirely with Roumanian capital and labor. . . . . .

"Not content with the town and province, the Central Powers have assumed entire control over the course of the Danube and have revoked the international agreements as to navigation. In addition to taking charge of navigation, the Central Powers have not left Roumania a single railroad she can call her own. Germany is to have her resident representatives, who will supervise the permanent ways, construct the rolling stock, regulate the use of material, and settle the railroad rates in Germany's favor. . . . . .

"As some compensation for these drastic arrangements, Roumania is to have the fostering care of Germany. But she is first compelled to indemnify her enemies and numerous so-called neutrals for all the damage done by the German military measures. All German civil servants are to be reinstated and the German congregations and schools are to be reestablished. Her magnificent forests, worth some $750,000,000, are to be used at German discretion as 'indemnities in kind.' In order that her taskmasters may not starve, compulsory cultivation is to be carried on by compulsory labor. . . . . .

"It is hard to say what is left to the unfortunate victim. Yet the German National Liberal party claims for the conquerors an overabundance of generosity. According to her enemies, Roumania has been allowed to retain her original individuality—she is still a nation.

"Yes, she is still a nation, tho with little left but the name. . . . Roumania has still a king and a queen and thousands of loyal Roumanians are dispersed throughout Europe. To them the Allies owe a debt of honor, and that debt must be paid. The noblest war-aims are those which are most simple and most imperative—the complete restoration of Belgium, Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania."

Whether the Germans and their allies consider that this peace is a permanent one is a moot point, but there are some sections of opinion in the Central Powers, as, for example, the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts*, and the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung*, who can see far enough to realize that such a "peace" is merely camouflaged theft.

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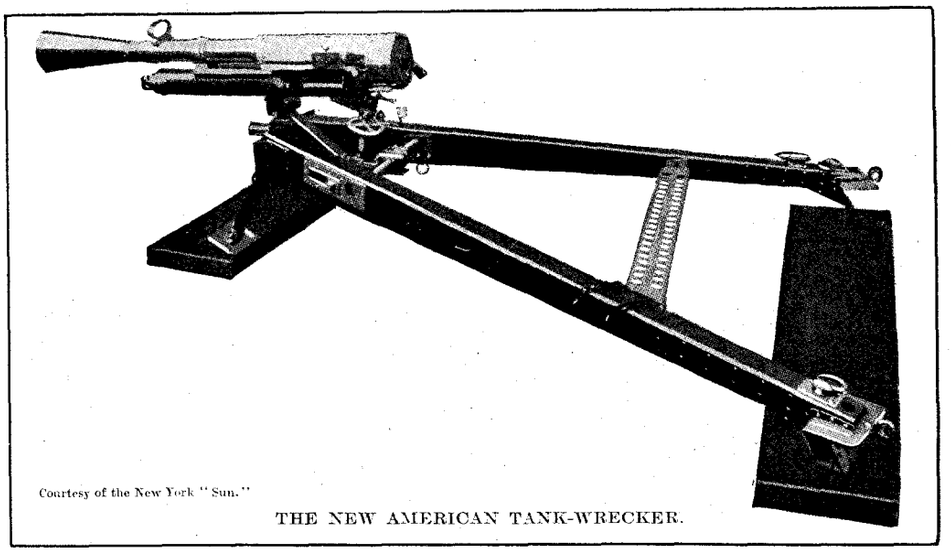
SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

AN AMERICAN GUN THAT STOPS GERMAN TANKS

ONE OF THE REASONS why the Germans, altho they have built "tanks," are not employing them effectively in their drives, is doubtless that we now have a light, mobile gun that will pierce their armor—something that the Huns themselves do not possess. This gun—the new "37 millimeter"—is an American invention, and bids fair to eliminate the German tank, as the American "depth bomb" is fast putting the German submarine out of commission. So sure are the military experts of the extraordinary effectiveness of this weapon that they are working overtime in France to turn them out in quantity, and American factories are now beginning to make them. The gun weighs only about 175 pounds, and yet will fire armor-piercing shells at a continuous rate of one per second. Obviously it will not only stop tanks but will do a number of other interesting things. Says a writer in the magazine section of the New York *Sun:*



Courtesy of the New York "Sun."

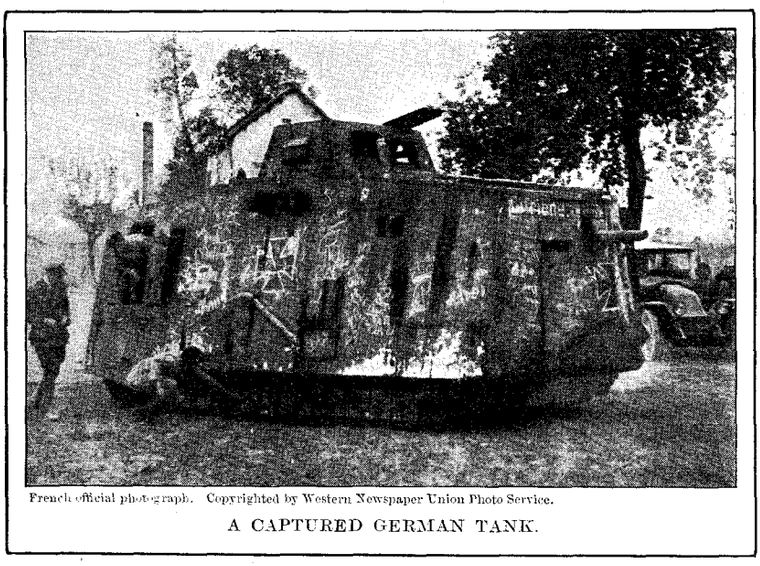
THE NEW AMERICAN TANK-WRECKER.

"The war this year has brought two lessons home to military men. In the first place, it has been established that no line of fortifications can withstand massed troops backed with mobile artillery. In the second place, it has taught that the line of advance is limited only by the mobility of the cannon.

"It should be explained that in defensive work against the enemy every effort is made so to arm the men of the first two or three lines that they can conceal underground all weapons, yet will be able to bring them quickly into play in the few minutes elapsing between the time when the heavy barrage fire of the enemy passes beyond them and the time when the enemy comes plunging through the wires a few scant yards from the trenches. The fact that the 37 can be quickly taken from tripod mounting and both mount and barrel hidden in a dugout is, therefore, of importance. The fact that four men can bring it from the dugout and get it in position in the trench in less than two minutes is of greater importance.

"It can be readily imagined what would happen to a German tank if a one-pound armor-piercing shell met it about 100 yards from its point of attack. Perhaps a better idea of the strength of the blow can be obtained from the statement that the shell has an unusually low trajectory. In other words, that it travels near to the ground, and that when it leaves the muzzle of the gun it is going at the rate of 1,312 feet a second. This muzzle velocity is not great, as compared with other weapons, but it permits of low trajectory.

"When in action the gun is manned by four men. Two of the men act as observers, or range correctors, for in most cases the gun can be aimed, altho this slows down the action and permits the firing of only 25 shots a minute. If the men fire on dead-reckoning, however, the gun will handle the shells at a rate of one every second.



French official photograph. Copyrighted by Western Newspaper Union Photo Service.

A CAPTURED GERMAN TANK.

"In appearance the gun is not unusual. It has extra long trail-piece on its mount, but this makes for solidity. The gun itself is only about 32 inches over all. Perhaps its most noticeable feature is the megaphone-like contrivance on the muzzle. This is a flash-hider, and is used in night firing.

"The flash-hider is now being used generally on machine guns, and no doubt will be used generally by snipers in the future. The flash of a gun is clearly discernible at night, and the flash-hider will do much in preventing the enemy machine-gun experts on the flanks from spotting the location of the gun and putting its crew out of action.

"The model from which the 37 has been evolved first won fame when the Germans developed a defensive line made up in the form of a checker-board, in which the various squares were concrete pill-boxes. Then the 37 was brought into play and time after time it was found that a high explosive one-pound shell could be sent through the loop-holes at ranges of about 1,700 yards, putting both gun and crew out of action.

"The Americans will depend upon the 37 to a great extent in mastering the German tank. The German tank is not the strong engine that the British employ. The Germans are beginning to feel the scarcity of minerals and raw materials by which iron is hardened to steel. Their tanks have a thin armor

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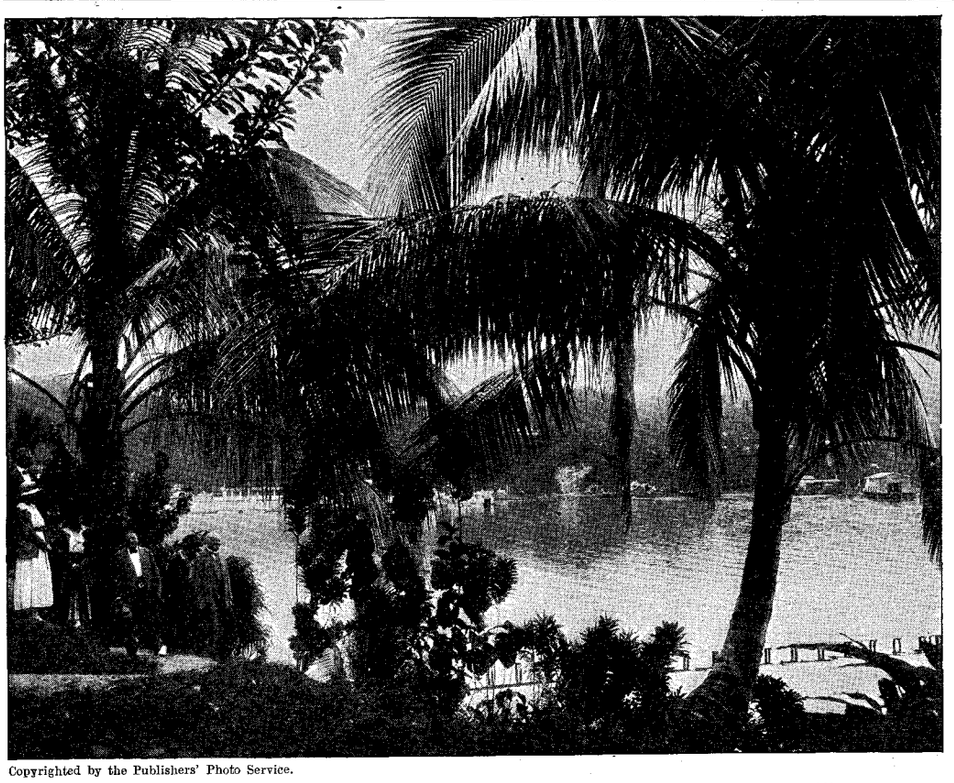
plate, sufficient only to withstand machine-gun fire; in fact, the casing on the rear of the tank is 1¾ inches thick.

"But what the 37 may not accomplish the Yankees will bring about by the use of bombs. For it has been found that, like a turtle, a tank can be readily put out of action for all time if it can be turned on its side or on its back. Remembering this, it is well also to point out that in most pictures of captured tanks on the battle-field it is to be noted that the tanks are on their sides.

"The Yankees and the British hit upon the scheme of throwing contact bombs in their path, and, if an attack was expected, of placing heavy bombs connected with underground wires along courses which, because of shell-holes, it was to be assumed a tank would follow. The explosion of a fairly strong bomb will lift the tank and frequently cause it to fall on its side."

COCONUT PRODUCTS—A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY

THE COTTONSEED-OIL PLANTS of Texas and other Southern States are now being used to some extent for the production of coconut-oil, comprest from the dried meats of the nut, imported from the South Sea Islands, under the name of "copra." The result, we are told by *The Manufacturers' Record*, will doubtless be the investment of American capital in coconut plantations in these islands and the establishment of closer trade relations with them. Copra is to become one of our chief imports in the future, the writer thinks. We are the logical market for it, whereas before the war it went to England and Germany, where there was a large consumption of "coconut-butter." This product is now to be found on our own markets. The raising of coconuts and their preparation for exportation are interestingly described:



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"THESE STATELY PALMS LEND DISTINCTION AND ATTRACTIVENESS"—

"Of the many romantic flavors that enter into the life of the people of the different island groups lying adjacent to the equator in the Pacific Ocean, none is more pronounced than that which is attached to the coconut-growing industry. It is these stately palms that lend distinction and attractiveness to the islands. To the growing of coconut is largely due the advancement of civilization in many of those remote islands. As an evidence of this fact, it may be cited that one British concern owns a coconut plantation of 100,000 acres in the Solomon Islands and that the very borders of this plantation are inhabited by natives who still practise cannibalism.

"It is the ambition of practically every man who has lived even for a brief time under the tropical skies of the South Seas to own a coconut plantation. When once established, the industry insures a lifetime of profit and ease for the grower of the product. The trees require practically no attention from the time their growth begins until the deadening commences, nearly one hundred years thereafter. The bearing period of the coconut tree is seventy to eighty years. The first coconuts may be expected in about six years after the original planting. The tree comes into full bearing about the twelfth year and from then on until its life is ended it gives an average annual yield of about fifty nuts. The average yield of copra per acre is about one-third of a ton. It was selling at the beginning of the war for about $150 a ton in the London market. The price has advanced considerably since then, it is stated. The cost of operating a plantation of coconuts is exceedingly small. All of the labor is performed by island natives, and the ordinary expenses of gathering, cutting, and drying the crop of nuts do not exceed $50 for each one hundred acres. This cost is much more than offset upon many of the plantations by the utilization of the land also for the grazing of cattle and sheep.

"The preparation of the copra for market is very simple. The nuts are allowed to fall naturally, and at intervals of once a month, and sometimes not oftener than once every two months the nuts are collected into piles upon the ground. Each pile contains about one hundred nuts. The laborers then split the nuts open lengthwise with a blow from an ax. The kernels are removed with two or three dexterous cuts of a small knife. This is the copra in its raw state. The ordinary daily task of each laborer is to split and clean six hundred coconuts. The empty shells are burned upon the ground, the ashes from them being regarded as good fertilizer for the trees. The meat of the nuts is placed in bags and conveyed to the platforms for drying. The drying frames vary in size and arrangement, but the principle of their construction is always the same. The kernels are exposed to the sun on shallow layers of trays, and protection is provided from showers and from the heavy dews at night. On the larger estates the trays are arranged to run on rails from under a roof, two and sometimes three or more trays being arranged under one another, thus economizing roofing area. The bottoms of the trays are usually constructed of reeds, which allow some circulation of air through the kernels, which are occasionally stirred during the drying process. This occupies from three to six days, depending on the climatic conditions. When thoroughly dry, the finished copra is packed into bags for export."

The establishment of a coconut-plantation, we are told, is an interesting process. Nuts are carefully selected, placed in piles, and exposed to moisture; when they commence to sprout, and when the sprouts are three or four feet long, the nuts are placed in holes in the ground, generally about thirty feet apart. The cost varies according to local conditions. Ordinarily, it will run close to $100 per acre, including clearing the land of underbrush and keeping it clear while the trees are arriving at the producing stage. It also includes the cost price of the

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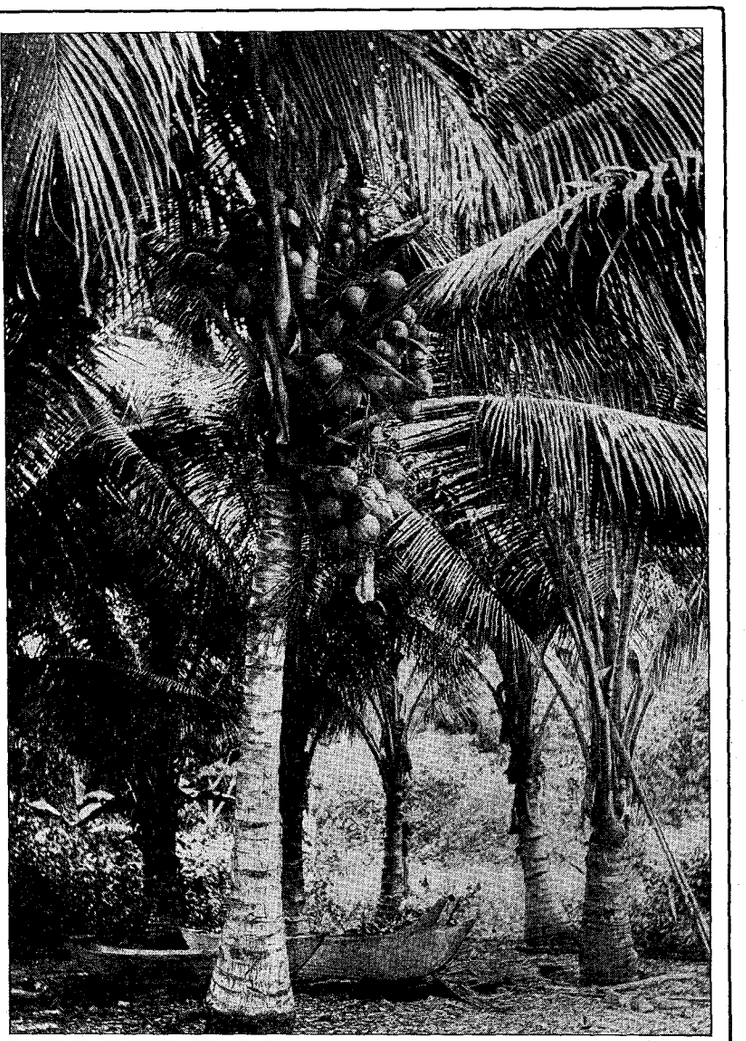
wild land, which ranges from $1 to $5 per acre. To quote further:

"The uses of the coconut-tree and its fruit are many. To the native of these islands it may be said to provide all the necessaries of life—food, shelter, and clothing. The full-grown tree attains a height of fully ninety feet, and the timber may be used as logs for bridging streams and for house-building. The trunk of a tree may be split into lengths which bend readily, and in this form the timbers serve useful purposes in house construction. The plaited leaves are used for thatching the roofs and for making the outer covering of the walls. They are made into beds to sleep on, into mats for the floor, and they serve as plates to eat from. Beautiful baskets and fans are made of the leaves. The flesh of the nut forms an excellent and nourishing food; it produces oil for cooking, for mixing native puddings, for lighting the house, and anointing the body. The milk forms a palatable and refreshing drink, especially that from the young nut. An industry of no little importance among the natives of the different islands is the manufacture of twine, known as sennet, from the husk of the nuts. This material is used chiefly to tie the timbers together in construction of native houses, no nails being used in such work. Twine and rope of any size up to towing line are made from the fiber. The natives are adepts in weaving fishing-nets and door-mats of the fiber. The 'cabbage,' as the soft central part of the head of the coconut-palm is called, can be made into a delicious salad. It is not the privilege, however, of many to enjoy this delicacy, as few persons can afford to sacrifice so valuable a tree for such a purpose.

"Some of the natives of the South Seas make what is called coconut 'toddy' out of the nuts. The liquor is intoxicating to a high degree, and upon most plantations its manufacture is forbidden, owing to the trouble that it causes."



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—AND THEY PROVIDE FOOD, SHELTER, AND CLOTHING.

ABOUT GRAPEFRUIT

THE GRAPEFRUIT, which we ought to call the "pomelo," but do not, has won its way to the breakfast-tables of most Americans since the boyhood of all past middle age. It would probably stand a good show of winning out in a contest for a "national fruit," which we ought to have, as well as a national flower. Accessible literature, strange to say, has little to tell us of this refreshing citrus-fruit, and the information furnished by an editorial writer in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago) is both curious and interesting. As late as 1885, he tells us, the fruit was described as "more showy than useful, altho it was incidentally noted that the juice is "rather refreshing." Thousands of carloads are now annually shipped to market. Says the paper just named:

"Grapefruit is a popular name for the edible fruit of *Citrus decumana*, now widely used in the dietary of American households. Altho the designation 'pomelo' has been adopted in scientific circles in this country, and the fruit is termed 'pomelow' by the English of Ceylon and India, the now familiar expression grapefruit, selected in recognition of the fact that the fruit commonly occurs on the trees in large clusters somewhat resembling those of grapes, is likely to be retained. The name 'shaddock,' which was likewise employed by some a few decades ago, is all but abandoned now.

"Altho even younger persons can recall when grapefruit was comparatively rare as a component of our regimen, it is not easy to realize that the first shipments from Florida were made subsequent to 1880. . . . . .

"The edible portion—the pulp or juice—deserves first attention from the dietetic standpoint. It contains sucrose and reducing sugars in about equal proportions, the total reaching 30 grams, or approximately one ounce, in a large specimen of some varieties in which this part may weigh three-quarters of a pound or more. Thus a diabetic indulging in half a grapefruit may readily ingest from a quarter to half an ounce of sugar in a product in which this may be unsuspected, owing to the sour taste. The latter is due, as in the case of other citrus-fruits, to citric acid, the content varying from about 2 to 6 grams per fruit, depending on the size, variety, and stage of ripeness or storage. Whereas the sugars increase during storage, the acidity decreases.

"The peel or rind of the grapefruit offers not a little of interest to the chemist. The essential oils are represented by limonen, citral, pinene, and alcohols. Besides the pectin there is, further, a glucosid naringin, which is synonymous with the 'bitter principle' of the fruit. Whether this compound, in particular, and other components have any pharmacologic potencies remains to be ascertained. Nevertheless, therapeutic efficacy has been ascribed to the pomelo by more than one writer. Evidently the bitterness has suggested the potency of quinin or a similar alkaloid; hence the assurance that 'a cool, juicy pomelo before breakfast is one of the pleasantest and surest antidotes imaginable for malaria.' It is stated that subtropical or tropical countries are prone to offer grapefruit or similar citrus-fruits as a safeguard against malaria, and publications from these sources contain similar advice.

"We may well enjoy the luscious grapefruit, content with its small modicum of nutriment and large share of pleasures of the palate. The juice fruits are not selected primarily for their supply of calories. They have other compensating virtues which put them in the class of acceptable dietary accessories. One need merely recall the antiscorbutic properties of the orange—and possibly of citrus-fruits in general. The government expert has sounded the proper note of warning in these words:

"'The dailies and periodicals of promoters in citrus-fruit

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sections abound in attractive quackery on the beneficent medicinal properties of all citrus-fruits, and especially grapefruit. This remedial property is being assigned to everything present in the fruits—the "alkaloids" said to be present, the citric acid, the potassium phosphate in the pulp, and the oils in the peel. If it is upon the oil present that we must depend for this elixir, then a tablespoonful of pure gum-turpentine will furnish the same amount of remedial as an entire crate of citrus-fruit, providing we eat the peel and all. If it is due to the phosphoric acid as phosphate, as Dygert would have us believe, then a glass of cow's milk would be equivalent to a dozen grapefruit in this life-giving entity. If it is due to the alkaloids present in the citrus-fruits, then they have no therapeutic value, for no alkaloid has been detected in any of the citrus-fruits regularly marketed in this country, and it is not likely that an alkaloid exists in any of the citrus family.'"

PORTABLE PRINTING-PRESSES FOR THE BLIND

MANY BLIND PERSONS are highly proficient on the typewriter, a fact which is not strange, since it is said that the first typewriting-machine was invented by a blind man. Another inventor, named Cayzerges, who was suddenly struck with blindness, invented an ingenious apparatus described in *Larousse Mensuel* (Paris), by means of which a blind man can readily correspond with a normal person. This consists of an adjustable combination of two typing machines, one of which makes the ordinary letters, while the other imprints on soft paper the raised Braille characters, which all blind persons are now taught to read by means of the sense of touch. The two machines are operated by the same keyboard, the forward carriage controlling the Braille writing and the rear carriage the ordinary writing. The two portions can be separated by a special mechanism when only one copy is required. Still simpler is a small portable pocket printing-press of which one or two kinds are in use; the one which goes by the name of the Ernest Vaughan press not only permits the blind and the normal person to correspond, but since it requires no special training, it enables any person who is willing to take the trouble to transcribe literary and scientific works in Braille characters so as to enlarge the opportunities of the blind for instruction and entertainment. The Paris review states that this little press is simple in construction, modest in price, and capable of being carried in the pocket. The essential feature of it is the double-faced type, having the raised Braille characters on one end and ordinary type on the other. When used by the blind man he takes from the case the previously inked characters and places them in the composing-stick. He has no difficulty in doing this, since he recognizes them by the Braille letters on the upper end. When the line of type has been set up, the impression is made by means of a lever or roller; the composing-stick is then placed one hole lower in the frame and the second line is set up and printed. It is stated that the blind person by the use of this apparatus can without any special training easily set up two lines per minute, each line containing twenty to twenty-five letters; moreover, he will have the very great advantage of being able to reread and correct his correspondence in a way not possible when he makes use of either the pen or the typewriter. When the press is used by a person of normal sight in corresponding with the blind person, the operation is the same, except that the types are reversed, so as to bring the ordinary alphabet to the top; the Braille characters on the bottom are then made to print corresponding characters in soft paper laid on a regular Braille board. In this case the upper letters are, of course, not inked.

The Vaughan press, especially devised to enable the ordinary individual, unskilled as a printer but possessing the leisure, to print books for the benefit of his blind friends, or as an exercise of humanity, is a modification of the one just described. The case contains a thousand characters distributed in boxes arranged around three sides of a central compartment intended to hold the composing-stick while the type is being set up. This composing-stick has its top and bottom in the form of removable covers, and a frame is included which is divided by parallel bands of wood, with spaces corresponding to lines between them; at one side these bands are provided with little grooves in which the tongues of the characters can be inserted. The typesetting is very simple, the letters being placed side by side, the capital letters being turned toward the operator; the words are separated from each other by leaving one groove free. When all the lines, which are twenty in number, have been filled, the page is reread and corrected, if necessary. The cover is then replaced on it and the composing-stick reversed; the second cover is then lifted off, allowing the Braille text to appear. This text can be readily printed on an ordinary Braille press; the paper used is slightly damp, and a sheet of rubber is placed between it and the roller, which exerts the necessary pressure. Many copies can be rapidly printed from the same page of text.

SHALL WE BE OLD AT TWENTY?

THAT THE INTERVAL between youth and age is shortening, is the somewhat startling statement made in *Good Health* (Battle Creek, Mich.), presumably by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the editor. This means that the peculiarities of old age are now showing themselves earlier, owing, he thinks, to degenerative forces that must destroy the race if not controlled. The proportion of individuals who now reach a great age, he says, is much smaller than it used to be, despite our improvements in sanitation and preventive medicine. We are keeping more children alive by these expedients; but the real measure of the race's vigor, Dr. Kellogg asserts, is at the other end of man's life; and here he finds our present generation lamentably deficient. He is afraid that old age is creeping down to meet youth, so that we shall ultimately be old at twenty. We read:

"When, thirty years ago, the writer raised the question, 'Are we a dying race?' a strong protest arose from every part of the country against the mere suggestion of such a preposterous idea as that a race degeneration and extinction were possibilities.

"Within the last twenty years, however, there has been accumulating such a vast amount of evidence of racial deterioration, especially in civilized lands, that at the present time no student of anthropology or eugenics will hesitate to admit that there are present in every civilized community degenerative influences which are daily increasing in force, and which, if not radically controlled, must, in time, destroy the race.

"One of the decided evidences of race degeneracy, to which the writer has for nearly forty years been directing attention, is the marked falling off in the proportion of centenarians to the rest of the population.

"The real measure of the physical vigor of a race is not the age at which the average man dies, but the proportion of individuals who attain to great age. Cholera, yellow-fever epidemics, and other plagues in former times weeded out the weaklings, drunkards, debauchees, and other classes of the unfit. By keeping these alive through quarantine and public sanitation, the average longevity is increased, while both the actual number as well as the proportion of centenarians have been diminishing. We have been making ourselves believe that the tree was flourishing because of the great number of young sprouts about the bottom, while the trunk was dying at the top.

"Statistics of all highly civilized countries show a steady falling off in the number of centenarians. We have in this country at the present time less than 4,000 centenarians, or one in 25,000 of our hundred million. Bulgaria has 3,000 centenarians in a population of 3,000,000, or one in every 1,000—twenty-five times as many in proportion. Older civilizations are worse off than we are. In France, the proportion of centenarians is one in 190,000 of the population; in England, one in 200,000; and in Germany, one in 700,000. In these countries decay has extended so far down the trunk that it has nearly reached the level of the young shoots.

"Senility and youth are approaching each other, and the

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time seems not far distant when the normal interval between youth and old age will disappear, and childhood will be met by second childhood. A Philadelphia doctor reported a youth of twenty-eight years whose arteries were as hard as pipe-stems, and a German authority reported a similar case in which the patient's age was seventeen years. Men and women of forty years, who present all the evidences of advanced senility, are rapidly increasing in number.

"The responsible cause is the same as that which produces the increasing mortality from Bright's disease, heart-disease, and pneumonia. Degenerated kidneys, hardened arteries, fatty heart are simply old kidneys and arteries and sterile heart."

OUR WASTE OF SULFUR

WE NEED SULFUR BADLY, and at the same time we are wasting it at the rate of about 10,000 tons a day. Under these circumstances it is evidently not only our duty to investigate further sources of this element, but, above all, to curtail our waste as much as possible. This is just what the Government is trying to do, according to the New York *Times*. In an article on "The Effect of Sulfur Shortage on the War," this paper tells us that what makes the situation especially critical is that the output of the Sicilian sulfur-mines is below normal, and that we may soon have not only our own needs to supply but part of the Allies' also. A bill has already passed our House of Representatives, and is now before the Senate, to appropriate $10,000,000 to "encourage the production, conserve the supply, and control the distribution" of ores, metals, and minerals needed in war-activities. Despite this fact, it is charged by those interested that the Washington authorities refuse to treat the matter seriously enough, and a meeting of manufacturers to consider the sulfur situation is shortly to be held, it is said. According to *The Times:*

"Local experts in the sulfur-field are of the opinion that the Government will find it expedient to commandeer the available sulfur-supply of the United States within the next thirty days, and it was pointed out that should this be done it was not likely that government operation of the mines would be attempted, but merely that supervision would be maintained over both production and shipments.

"Existing sulfur-mines in Louisiana and Texas are now operating at the peak of their capacities, and the indications are that great quantities of sulfur will be needed within the next few months."

At the Senate Mines Committee hearings Arthur E. Wells, consulting engineer for the War-Industries Board, advocated the reclamation of metallic sulfur from waste smelter gases, and the further development of pyrites deposits in the United States to make up the deficit he saw approaching. We read further:

"It was learned from an engineer familiar with the sulfur situation both here and abroad that for months past the reason for the extraordinary activity of both German and British submarines in the North Sea and the Baltic was to be found in the sulfur and pyrites shipments from Sweden and Norway. This situation was explained by the statement that Germany has been procuring pyrites from Sweden for her explosives, and that the British submarines have been sinking these ore-bearing ships. On the other hand, both Great Britain and France have been getting pyrites from both Sweden and Spain, and German *U*-boat activities have been directed against these importations.

"'If, for any reason,' the War-Industries official went on, German influence is sufficient to shut off even a part of the Swedish supplies of pyrites, it merely means that an increased burden will be thrown upon American supplies, and that unless a substantial increase in production takes place, and that apart from the regular sources as we know them at present, there will not be sufficient for all needs.'

"Lest there be any confusion between sulfur and pyrites, it was explained that sulfuric acid is made from both. . . . . .

"Some change has taken place in the situation lately because of the recent opening, expected months before, of the two great government explosive plants at Nashville, Tenn., and Charleston, W. Va., while other great plants are scheduled for opening within the next six or seven months. At the Senate hearing it was stated by Engineer Wells that it was easily possible by the reclamation process he mentioned to recover 1,000 tons of pure sulfur a day from the waste smelter fumes. It has been stated, but not officially, that more than 10,000 tons of pure sulfur a day are now going to waste.

"Prof. H. R. McKee, of the Chemical Engineering Department of Columbia University, an authority on the subject, also sounded a warning of a possible shortage of sulfur.

"'The situation is serious,' he said. 'Should anything happen to curtail the output of sulfur or pyrites from either Spain or Sweden a tremendous burden will be thrown upon American sulfur resources. The best thing we can do is to begin at once the reclamation of waste smelter gases. That will relieve the situation. I understand from the Bureau of Mines that suitable plants for the reclamation of sulfur from the smelters can be built within seven months.'

"Sulfur is also used in large quantities for commercial purposes. It enters largely into the manufacture of rubber and print-paper. According to Professor McKee 1,400,000 tons of print-paper are being manufactured every year. About 85 per cent. of this is manufactured by the sulfite process, which requires the use of one ton of sulfur to each ton of sulfite.

"'If the supply of sulfur should be greatly curtailed we might have to close down our plants,' said R. S. Willis, of the United States Rubber Company. 'We could not produce one pound of manufactured rubber without sulfur. To those who use motor-cars I may say that tires can not be produced without ample supplies of sulfur.'"

TO MAKE SHOPPERS STOP CROWDING WORKERS OFF THE CARS

RATHER AMUSING EVIDENCE that American cities are not the only ones bothered by the problem of overcrowded transportation in the mornings and evenings is seen in the proposal of a street-car man in Cardiff, Wales, to exclude female shoppers from the street-cars altogether unless they can manage to do their buying "in reasonable hours." An editorial writer in *The Electric Railway Journal* (New York), while hesitating to recommend this particular form of regulation, is strongly of the opinion that if the rush can not be "spread" in some way, possibly by adopting different opening and closing hours for different classes of trade and industry, it must be "pared down" by excluding somebody or minimized by some such method as the "skip-stop." Possibly all but working people, of whatever sex, should, he thinks, be kept out of the cars during hours when the workers travel. He writes:

"Abnormal circumstances sometimes bring unusual results. Here in the United States we struggled for years to find a way to pull down that costly bugaboo—the rush-hour peak. Nothing would make a bend in it. And the fellow on the street figured the wonderful profits that seemed to exist in those hours of heavy travel. Various city and State supervising bodies insisted on showing the railway operators 'how to make more money' by ordering still more cars to push up the peak. True, a few railway managers here and there were lucky enough to get the cooperation of business men who opened and closed their plants earlier so as to spread the peak and thus distribute the existing facilities of transportation to better advantage. Then came the Great War and the adoption of measures of economy in all lines of industry. Uncle Sam was a man of broad vision and promptly recommended skip-stop and other coal-saving changes in operation, which led to some good results.

"And now comes a brother manager from Cardiff, Wales, who has asked the press to inform women intent on shopping and not engaged in war-work, that unless they could manage to do their buying in reasonable hours, they would be excluded from the cars altogether. He even suggests that it might be necessary for women to produce certificates to show that their business entitled them to ride in the cars.

"We do not know whether to recommend this drastic measure to railway men in this country. In the first place, it is likely that a large proportion of the women patrons of our car-lines would produce their knitting-bags as evidence that they are engaged in war-work and thus entitled to certificates of exemption. To speak seriously, there are many things being done now that would have been deemed impossible before the war."

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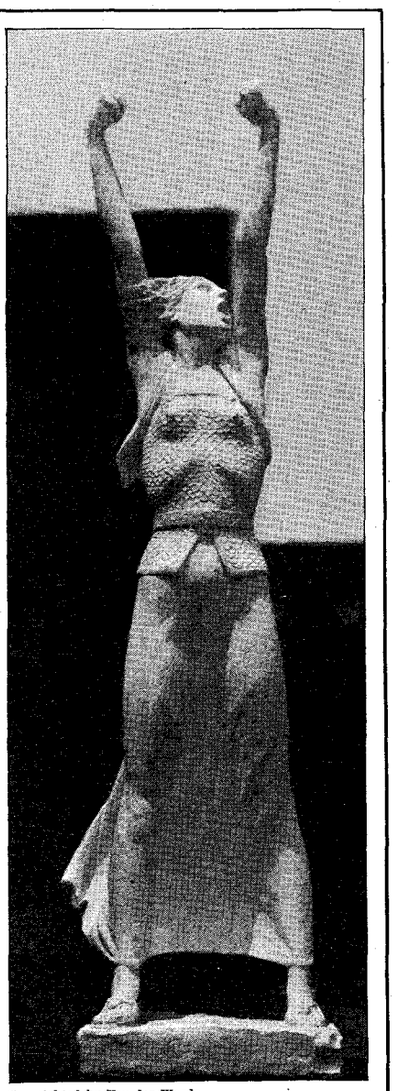
LETTERS AND ART

A SCULPTOR WHO RECORDS HISTORY

CRITICISM OF THE TASTE that requires faithful resemblance in a portrait may go on forever, but equally continuous will be the demand that a portrait must be a likeness. The argument of the painter or the sculptor that he has reproduced his subject, as seen by him, will be unfailingly met with the retort of the lady who told a fashionable artist that perhaps he saw her husband that way, but she never had, and she had known him for forty years. Most of our portrait-painters evade their subject and even flatter. But the great portrait-painter is an optimist rather than a flatterer, writes Mr. Guy Pène de Bois in the New York *Evening Post*, who gives a parenthetical glance at the style of famous portrait-painters as he examines the work of Jo Davidson, a sculptor ambitious to make a gallery of notables. Mr. Davidson aims to be the historian of the great men of to-day, we are told, and has already had among his subjects President Wilson, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Ambassador Walter Hines Page, Georg Brandes, and Joseph Conrad. His work reminds the *Evening Post's* critic of David d'Angers, whose medallions are represented in full in the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, or of Houdon, who was the "first sculptor to depict people of contemporary life." Between Houdon and Davidson—both of whom may have looked long at the work of Donatello—there is in common "a certain love of the refinement of forms," says this critic, who "can never think of Calder's massive civilian Washington, brute-like in force, without thinking of the slender graciousness of Houdon's interpretation." Jo Davidson may sometimes be accused by the non-conformists of being a conformist and by the conformists of the opposite, but, as a matter of fact—

"He is free and independent—interested in both camps or in neither. Outside of portraiture I sometimes think of him as an eclectic who has watched the fashions and fashionables of art on parade and chose to be inspired (if that is possible) by what he considered good in the best of them. He has done things like the little decorative panel at the Neighborhood Theater, Grand Street, in swinging harmonious line and things like his monument—the 'Call to Arms,' September 6, 1914—for the battle-field of the Marne in opulent form."



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THE CALL TO ARMS.

By Jo Davidson.

(The Marne, September 6, 1914.)

"When France in wrath her giant limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot and said she would be free, . . ." —*Coleridge.*

An interesting story is told by Mr. Davidson with reference to the three lines from Coleridge's "Ode to France," which appear under the accompanying photograph of his Marne statue. No name had been selected for it and the sculptor was perplexed to find one. Mr. Frederick James Gregg, an art-critic, came into the studio one day, saw the Marne figure the first time, and almost immediately recited from memory Coleridge's tocsin verses. The suggestion awoke in Mr. Davidson's mind the title of the statue. The sculptor's intellectual processes are "sometimes light, sometimes incisive," according to Mr. de Bois, who proceeds:

"His sympathy may be exhaustless. His friends are everywhere. No artist in New York has a more general acquaintance. He was the sensation of a London season and held with a heroic figure—'La Terre'—at another the place of honor at a Salon d'Antoine, in Paris. He was born in this city in 1883, of Russian parents. In 1907 he studied for three weeks at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris. The signalization of the Salon took place in 1911. The Beaux-Arts had been too much, an overdose of discipline. Mr. Davidson did not win a Prix de Rome. This is said incidentally—but it is important that it should be said. A great many of our younger sculptors are Prix de Rome men, and sometimes they are, rather than artists, archeologists.

"Mr. Davidson's interest is in contemporary life. He is touched by its people and sometimes by their foibles. His reactions are many and rapid. There are exaggerations of the passing manifestations to his credit and to his discredit. His pictures of the classic dance are little more than a calculated revival of the Greek rule. His pictures of emotions, which we like to call primitive, are backed by more intelligence than those which come to what Washington Square or the Village calls, academically, the cosmic urge. He has a sense of humor, which is like saying an ability to keep well balanced. Also, to make this sense of humor seem rather fortunate, he has a sympathy which includes all kinds of ideas and all kinds of men. His hands may mold the heroic figure and the miniature with equal assurance. James Huneker hailed him as a great impressionist sculptor at the time of the first exhibition of his work which was held here. That was in 1910 and held in the basement of the now defunct New York Cooperative Society. I remember of this exhibition especially a tendency toward the exaggeration of ideas and of principles.

"Just as some exhibitions of the work of the whimsical Henry Clews, Jr., have been, it was intellectually sensational. One may have thought often of those idle plays on ideas that are the delight of the valuable French essayist, but then to counteract these moments there were those in which one felt the full shock of the sculptor's emotional power. This has neither increased nor diminished. But in such a work as this Marne monument we may see that it has been strengthened by the sounder devices of a more mature intellect, a real understanding of the psychological significance of a muscular action. Yet in this field, with this exception inspired to some extent by a verse of Coleridge, one may sometimes wonder where this man is going. He is a conversationalist who may juggle ideas with the best of them. And he is fonder of those that are modern. Still, behind the interpretation, whether it be satirical or tragic, is invariably Jo Davidson, which is the same as saying an individual."

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OUR FIGHTING HEART IN SONG

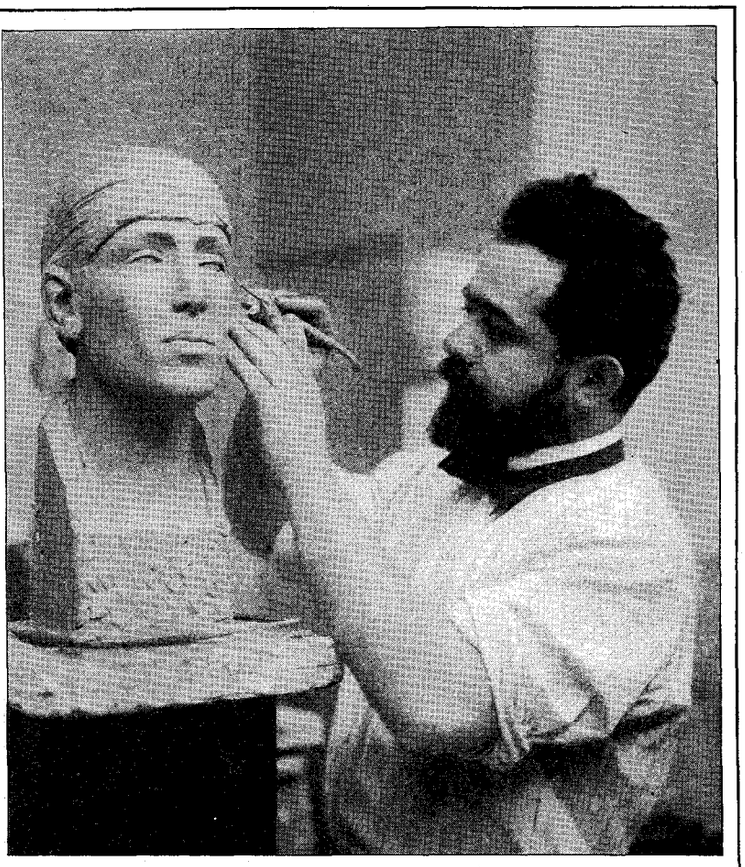
"EVERYTHING ENDS IN SONGS," said the witty Beaumarchais, and if he were living to-day he might note that of all things that begin with song perhaps war is the most remarkable. Every tune that comes into the head of a composer comes with a march rhythm and is inspired by war-time thoughts—either bellicose or sentimental. Many of the songs may seem to the fastidious "vulgar and cheap," the New York *Evening Post* tells us, and no doubt they often are, yet the cheapest song may seem transfigured for singers to whose deepest sentiments it makes appeal, and to some songs of shoddy expression we do injustice unless we admit a truth of feeling. The roughness of the lines which proclaim:

> Belgium, we can hear you calling,
> Belgium, your tears are falling . . .
> Belgium, dry your tears!

does not prevent them from attaining dignity as the expression of what the whole nation has always recognized as one of the great provocations of the war, says *The Post*, which adds that "we can afford to have the people singing many shabby, faulty songs, along with better ones, but we could never afford to have them singing none at all." We read then:

"When the novelist Winston Churchill cast about to recall what had most thrilled him here he decided it was the Hippodrome crowd singing Cohan's classic lines, 'Send the word, send the word over there; we'll be over, we're coming over, and we won't come back till it's over, over there.' Even the Germans marched through Brussels whistling 'Every Little Movement.' The dignified and excellent war-songs that have been written have had comparatively little popularity. Sousa writes a good march dedicated to the shipbuilders, and we hum ragtime; good poetry goes unaccompanied, while we sing doggerel by Harry Lauder.

"Yet we must not sneer at what the song-writers produce simply because they do it crudely; what catches the popular fancy may do it for superficial reasons, but the reasons are worth analysis. Any one who wishes to gage the sentiment of the day may learn as much of one aspect by looking over a popular music-counter as of another by reading *The Congressional Record*. These are the songs that decorate training-camp pianos and the pianos of sisters of the recruits. It may seem painful that while Mrs. Hemans's 'Pilgrims' made the coast resound with hymns, the shipwrecked destroyer-crew instinctively broke into 'O boys! O boys! Where do we go from here?' Yet there is no little feeling for current history in 'O Boys,' which celebrates the recruit who, when his squad was marched one hundred miles and his companions were tired, simply asked where they went next. There are other songs of indomitable recruits, from 'Every One Was Out of Step but Jim' to 'Uncle Sam Is Calling Me' and 'I'm Going to Follow the Boys.' Those who wish to know how our soldiers feel may gather it in part from such ditties as 'We're All Going Calling on the Kaiser,' 'Hunting the Hun,' and 'Keep Your Head Down, Fritzie Boy.' After recent events we may be sure that many pianos and phonographs are giving with renewed spirit the song, 'Bing, Bang, Bing 'Em on the Rhine,' with its subtitle, 'This sounds ever so much sweeter on a forty-centimeter,' and its chorus, 'When we go swimming in the Rhine, we'll hang our clothes on Hindenburg's old line.' The high spirit of these songs is a good quality. So is the determination in them, typically exprest in 'Our Country's in It Now, We Must Win It Now,' and 'We're Bound to Win with Boys Like You.'"



JO DAVIDSON AT WORK.

He has humor and sympathy that include "all kinds of ideas" and people.

Of the songs just mentioned "They Were All Out of Step but Jim" is the product of a very successful popular composer, Mr. Irving Berlin, who is at Camp Upton. The verse tells of Jimmy's mother going to see her son marching in a parade and at night recounting to her neighbors the thrill it gave her, thus worded in the chorus:

> Did you see my little Jimmy marching,
> With the soldiers up the avenue?
> There was Jimmy just as stiff as starch,
> Like his Daddy on the seventeenth of March.
> Did you notice all the lovely ladies
> Casting their eyes on him?
> Away he went
> To live in a tent;
> Over in France with his regiment.
> Were you there, and tell me, did you notice?
> They were all out of step but Jim.

When "We Don't Want the Bacon" reaches Potsdam it is fair to predict that it will call forth a *schrecklichkeit* cry of protest against American duplicity in statecraft, for the song plainly says that instead of bacon "what we want is a piece of the Rhine." All through history when we have gone to war, the song tells us, we have always brought the bacon home no matter who the foe, but now "we're out to get the Hun," and—chorus:

> We don't want the bacon, we don't want the bacon,
> What we want is a piece of the Rhine,
> We'll crown Bill the Kaiser with a bottle of Budweiser,
> We'll have a wonderful time,
> Old Wilhelm the Gross will shout "*Vas iss Los?*"
> When we hit that Hindenburg line, FINE!
> We don't want the bacon, we don't want the bacon,
> What we want is a piece of the Rhine.

Long before any of the men in khaki ever dreamed that we should be at war on European soil, Mr. George M. Cohan's *leit-motif* was "Yankee Doodle," as those who have followed his career on the stage will readily recall. In "Over There" he wrote one of the earliest of present war-songs and one which is said to be played in every parade held. A later product of his, "When You Come Back," relates that he "heard a girlie say to her boy as he marched away":

> When you come back, if you do come back,
> You'll hear the Yankee cry, "Ata boy, Jack!"
> And when you return remember to bring
> Some little thing that you get from the king.

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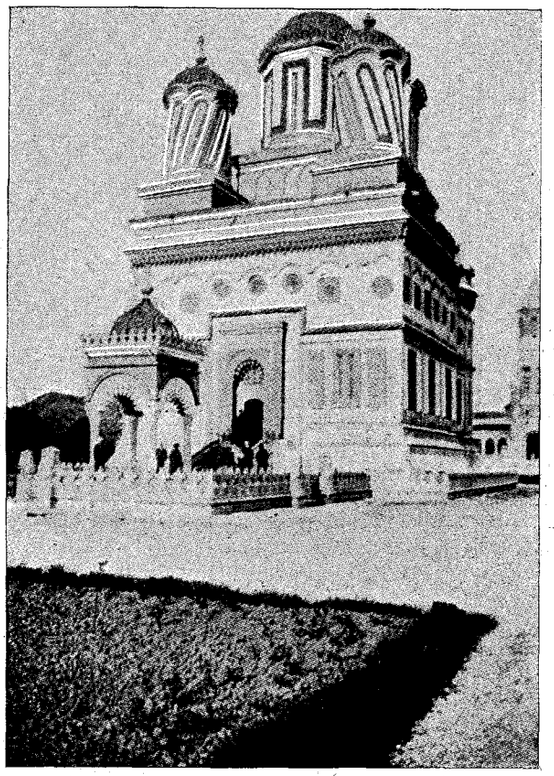
And drop me a line from Germany,
Do, Yankee Doodle, do;
When you come back, and you will come back,
There's the whole world waiting for you.

A pathetic strain is sounded in "Hello, Central, Give Me No Man's Land," which pictures a little child creeping down-stairs



CATHEDRAL OF CURTEA DE ARGÈS.
"The inimitable jewel" of Roumanian churches.

in the night and speaking over the telephone in the refrain:

Hello, Central, give me No Man's Land:
My daddy's there, my mama told me;
She tiptoed off to bed,
After my pray'rs were said.
Don't ring when you get my number,
Or you'll disturb mama's slumber.
I'm afraid to stand here at the phone,
'Cause I'm alone.
So won't you hurry
I want to know why mama starts to weep
When I say, "Now I lay me down to sleep.'
Hello, Central, give me No Man's Land.

Our song-counters once were strewn with sentimental appeals, remarks *The Evening Post*, but these have been supplanted by war-songs, in the sentimental ones of which feeling centers on the soldier's loneliness, as, for instance—

"'There's a Little Blue Star in the Window, and It Means All the World to Me,' proclaims one cover; 'Every Stitch a Thought of You,' another, and 'Bring Back My Daddy to Me' appeals a third. One song prays for a short war: 'Tom, Dick, Harry, and Jack, hurry back, hurry back; be quick, do the trick, get it over—then don't even stop to pack.' The soldier is variously reassured as to the home spirit: 'We'll Do Our Share While You're Over There' is followed by the warning, 'Don't Try to Steal the Sweetheart of a Soldier.' The reverent spirit of 'God Be with Our Boys To-night,' is set off by the pertness of 'Hello, Central, Give Me France.' One writer, wishes to 'Move a Little Bit of Broadway to France, Make the Boys Feel Right at Home.' The Allies are not forgotten, and 'Cheer Up, Tommy Atkins,' stands side by side with 'When Yankee Doodle Learns How to *Parley Voo*.' But sentiment does not go beyond a given line. For one writer who would 'Like to See the Kaiser with a Lily in His Hand' there are a score who would like to see him where lilies never grow."

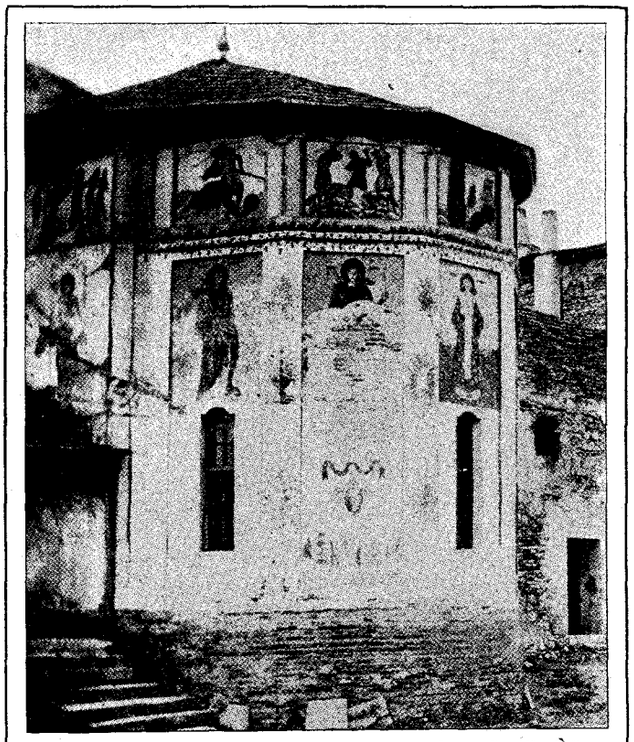
ROUMANIA'S ART WEALTH

ROUMANIA'S ART TREASURES and great national memorials are too often forgotten in the general impression that the country is merely a storehouse of oil and corn. Lovers of pictorial art and of architecture seldom have felt it worth their while to venture into that country, where, however, are rich possessions that await a more careful study on the part of Western students, writes a correspondent of the London *Times*, and he tells us further that all who know the country have been filled with anxiety lest the Germans should injure or destroy the great church of Curtea de Argès, "one of the most imposing churches in Europe, successfully restored to somewhat of its early magnificence by the late king."

Apart from the distinction of its architectural monuments, the *Times* correspondent reminds us of the pictures of high importance in the palace of Sinaia and in the museum at Bucharest. King Carol had an opportunity in his youthful days to purchase entire collections of pictures in Paris, and some that he bought in London from a Spanish collection are so important that—

"It is really necessary for the student of Spanish art to go to Roumania to see many of the finer examples of the painters of that country. The collection is especially notable for the fact that it contains nine paintings by that remarkable artist El Greco, the chief being his portrait of Diego Covarruvias.

"All the great Spanish masters are, however, well represented. There are two, if not three, works by Velasquez, one a splendid portrait of Cardinal Galli. There are three by Zurbaran. There is a wonderful 'Flagellation,' by Alonso Cano, and there are paintings by Murillo, Valdès Léal, Luis Tristan, Antonio del Rincon, Alonso Coëllo, and others. The King's collection is, however, by no means exclusively of Spanish pictures. The Italian masters are also well represented. There is even a work attributed,



THE MONASTERY CHURCH OF CURTEA DE ARGÈS.
A Roumanian art monument within the walls of the celebrated fifteenth-century "religious city."

and not without some reason, to Squarcione, whose paintings are of such extraordinary rarity. There is one probably by Botticelli, a very important work by Mantegna, two fine groups by Signorelli, a delightful 'Virgin and Child' by Antonello da Messina, a wonderful 'Holy Family' by Luini, and fine paintings by Francia, Correggio, and Tiepolo, with two attributed, on quite sound foundations, to Titian, and more than one bearing

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the high-sounding names of Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and Palma Vecchio.

"In the German school Cranch and Aldegrever find good representatives; there is at least one work by Rembrandt, and at least one by Rubens, a portrait that may well be given to Clouet, and ten panels, forming the decoration of a boudoir, which undoubtedly came from the hands of Lancret.

"The late king had an excellent catalog of his pictures prepared in sumptuous form, and a similar volume describes the contents and the decoration of his beautiful palace at Sinaia, while of the great church at Curtea de Argès he instructed Herr Jaffe to prepare a monumental work in elephant folio, richly illustrated, giving full details concerning the history of the famous building. We have these privately printed volumes before us, gifts from the late king, enriched with his signature; and they testify to his judgment and skill, and show that the first sovereign of the united country was not only a valiant soldier, but a profound student of the art of his own country, and of the work of the artists of all the Western world. His successor has every claim upon the sympathy of English art students in his many and grievous troubles."

A vivid picture is given of Roumanian monasteries in *L'Art et les Artistes* (Paris) in a number specially devoted to Roumania. One esthetic purpose they served was to keep hidden from the invading foe priceless treasures of Byzantine art. The most important of Roumania's monasteries still exist, we learn from this authority, who names them, and adds:

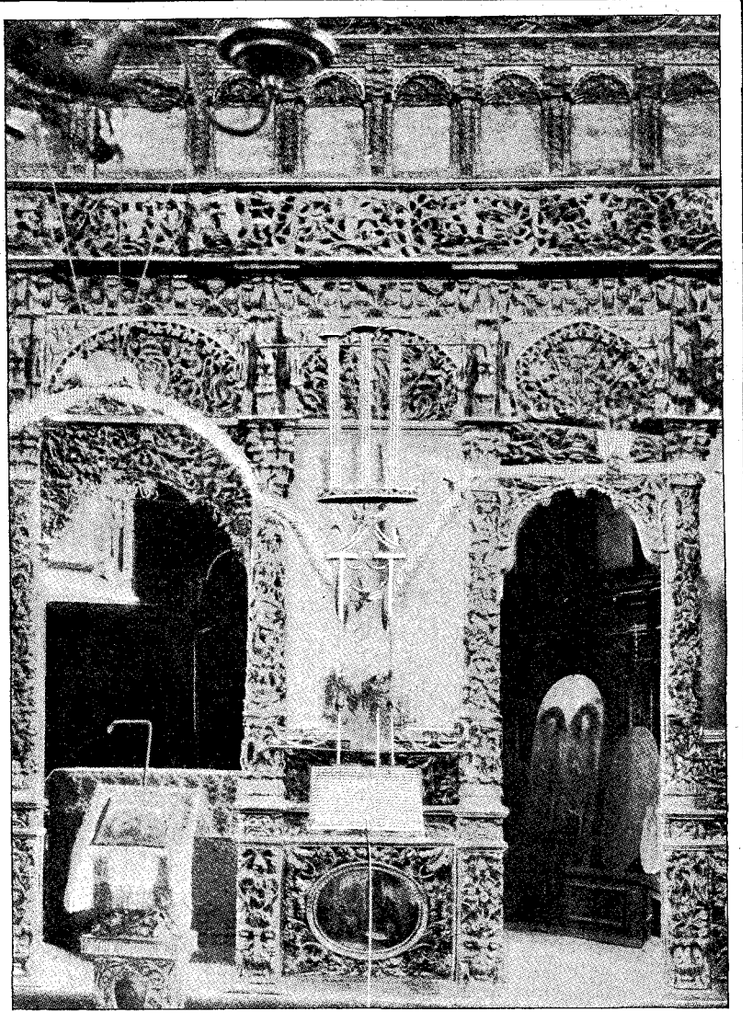
"They are in kind each an acropolis, all small religious cities, hidden in Karpathian vales and sheltered by dark thick forests. About them reigns a great silence, which is interrupted only by the murmur of crystal-clear streams and the songs of birds. Some are situated in valleys on the shores of small lakes bordered with reeds. . . . Each small religious city is surrounded by an immense wall, with a high tower in which is built the entrance-door. Within the wall stand the community church, the cemetery, the residence of the superior, and the guest-house, where the passing traveler enjoys the hospitality of the community for three days. All the traditions are piously preserved in these monasteries, where the same rule and the same monastic life obtains as in the past."

Curtea de Argès, we are told, is beyond doubt the jewel of all Roumanian monasteries. Prince Neagoe brought the marble for its construction from Byzantia, the gold and silver art works from Hungary, and employed artists of Ladislaus II. As we have seen, it was restored by King Carol I., who lies buried there, with "Carmen Sylva," Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. Of Curtea de Argès the *Times* correspondent remarks:

"This extraordinary building was founded in 1517, by Prince Neagoe and his wife Despina of Servia, and was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

"The fifteenth century was a period of considerable moment in what we now term Roumania. Mircea, the Waywode of Wallachia, who died in 1418, was responsible for the foundation of two or three ecclesiastical buildings, Stephen the Great, Waywode of Moldavia (1457–1504), for forty; but the Prince and Princess to whom we have just referred determined that their cathedral should excel in beauty all that had preceded it; and in the days of its early glory it must have been magnificent indeed. Neagoe's successor, Theodosius, continued the work of his father, but it was Radul d'Afumati who completed the building.

"For a very long period the districts of Wallachia and Moldavia were simply roads across which the Turks passed in their expeditions against Hungary and Transylvania, and many of the fine monastic buildings erected by the Waywodes were altered, injured, or destroyed, while Roumania was under the Turkish yoke. In 1866, when King Carol visited the place, he found it largely in ruin. He took the advice of Viollet-le-Duc, who recommended an artist named Lecomte de Noüy, and under his skilful attention the great church was restored and reopened on October 12, 1886. Lecomte visited other great national memorials, the churches at Jassy, Horez, Cozia, Valcea, Padure, and Campulung, and from these famous buildings, all well worth study by the modern student of architecture, he acquired a good knowledge of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Roumanian work. The building, now reerected, is superb, with wonderful frescoes and mosaics, glorious bronzes, and rich marble,



IN THE MONASTERY OF NÉAINTZU, MOLDAVIA.

This screen of carved wood is known as the iconostasis in the Orthodox Church, and corresponds to the rood screen in the Western Church.

the whole place a glowing feast of color; the architecture, a strange mingling of that of the Arab and the Roman, is eminently characteristic of the people whose national shrine it has become. In the interior the tombs of the founders and their successors belong to the original building, but of the smaller objects with which Neagoe and Despina enriched their foundation, there is but little remaining."

It seems strange to this critic that so few persons have cared to study the famous Roman basilica and the great Trajan monument at Adamklisi, commemorating the Dacian victories, or other important churches and monasteries, and we read:

"In the convent of Krusedol is certainly preserved the collar of a chasuble wrought by Despina and her four children for the Cathedral de Argès, and completed on June 15, 1519, as the needlework inscription still sets forth, and in the great church itself are two fine images or icons which belonged to the founders, having on one of them Despina represented with her son Theodosius in her hands, and the inscription, 'O Queen of Heaven, receive thy servant, John Theodosius, and guard him in thy kingdom.' There is furthermore a piece of beautiful material from a robe found in one of the tombs carefully preserved in the cathedral."

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RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

From "L'Illustration."

REFUGEE FRENCH CHILDREN AS HAYMAKERS.

These future fathers and mothers of France, many of whom have lost their parents, work and play in these pleasant fields to soften the cruel memory of their desolate flight from the pitiless successors of Attila.

THEIR LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERED THEM the children of the invaded sections of France find a foretaste of their predestined kingdom in the sylvan retreat provided by the L'Œuvre du Secours de Guerre, with which the American Red Cross is actively cooperating at Sucy-en-Brie. They reached here thoroughly exhausted, physically and nervously, we learn from a writer in *L'Illustration* (Paris), but, with the recuperative energy of youth, soon regained health. In the house and grounds of the historic Grand-Val domain, where once Baron d'Holbach entertained Diderot and other philosophers, and where Diderot wrote his "Philosophic Thoughts" and planned his famous encyclopedia, now about 300 children, boys and girls, pass the hours in instruction and recreation. Many of them, or perhaps the most, are still too young to realize that war has taken away their fathers and their mothers. But clean, rested, and well cared for, they enter into the scheduled life of to-day that is to fit them for the burden of to-morrow's task. They have leisure to play their favorite games, but full attention is also given to bring them up with the notion that one must work as one lives. We read:

"The farm of the estate has been restored to a degree of repair by a wounded soldier, and here are raised chickens, rabbits, geese, and ducks. The refugee children throw corn to the chickens in their yard, lead the geese to the pool, the sheep to the meadows, and also take care of the feeding of the pigs which are so much an item in the commissariat of the home. The boys are instructed in the wheelwright's trade and in carpentering, the girls in cooking and sewing. All are keen and impatient to work in the hay-field, and whatever the children do they do with the best of will because they are obviously desirous to be of service."

Of course the children go to school, some of them to the public schools in the neighborhood, while others receive instruction from a teacher attached to the organization. Sundays and Thursdays one may see them promenading in groups along the banks of the river or the stretches of meadow of the estate, and their improvement in health and in instruction has been so rapid that some of the farming families in the vicinity have sought to take them in, in order eventually to adopt them. Undoubtedly they will be able to be of great service as a result of the practical instruction they have received at Grand-Val and the good physical condition to which they have been restored.

The writer in *L'Illustration* mentions particularly the cooperation in this work of the American Red Cross, which is noted in another part of France by a contributor to *The Survey* (New York), who tells us of the American Red-Cross Child Welfare exhibit in the prosperous industrial city of Lyons. A moving-picture educational show was announced for a certain evening, "weather permitting," and we read:

"Eight o'clock found a crowd gathered in front of the screen, tho the operator looked dubiously at the clouds—and an hour later any one passing the Place Bellecour could see an audience of umbrellas sheltering five hundred determined spectators who defied a driving cold rain to stand there until the last yard of the film was rolled off and they had seen every antic of the French baby, bathed and drest under the skilful supervision of an American nurse, and had learned every one of the dozens of places about their houses and ice-boxes where the unsuspected tuberculosis bacillus might lurk.

"During that afternoon a line of families, fathers in uniform, mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and children, four abreast, had extended for almost the length of a city block, waiting to enter the huge pavilion—erected for the automobile exhibit of the Lyons industrial fair and now lent by the city for the Red Cross. During the first nine days the turnstile registered an attendance of 72,000—and one of the American social workers, who was demonstrating menus for babies of assorted ages, pointed out proudly that Philadelphia, with a population three times as large as that of Lyons, had had only 67,000 admissions in the first nine days of its baby show. The eagerness of the people of Lyons to see what the Americans had to say is as encouraging as their determination to learn the lessons which the exhibits are trying to teach.

"Inside the pavilion, a frieze of babies sport playfully about the top of the wall, illustrating excellent maxims of hygienic advice. Below are booths, and in the center a model kindergarten, a playground with games and toys, and a glass house, about which a crowd gathers six deep, three times each day, to watch the bathing and dressing of a volunteer baby. The greatest tribute that can be paid to the skill of the officiating nurse is the stream of offers from interested mothers to lend their babies for the next day's demonstration.

"In a far corner of the room, a gigantic toothbrush, taller than the tallest child, proclaims the dentist's chair. Each morning of the exhibit is devoted to school children, who come in groups with their teachers. No sooner has the group reached the corner than the foremost child is whisked into the chair and becomes the hero of the occasion, while the strange American starts to work with a series of little brushes. When it comes time to repeat the experiment for the benefit of those who could

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not see the first time, the claimants for the honor of sitting in the chair are so many that a decision is a matter of diplomacy."

Few Parisian gowns have attracted more attention than the layettes—one of the clothes worn by a French baby, the other of simpler garments worn by very young Americans, which were shown under glass, the *Survey* contributor remarks, and he points out, as another feature of education, the instruction to French parents about a home-made ice-box and the pasturization of milk. Every possible form of print or picture is used to impress upon the people the insidious peril of tuberculosis. A rapid-fire bit of instruction is found in the glass bulb in which an electric light flashes every half minute to show that in the part of the world where statistics are available one person dies from the terrible white plague every half minute. Spectators crowd before this bulb, we are told, and watch it in a fascinated daze. Specimen meals suitable for children of from one to five years are neatly displayed under a glass cover, and our informant proceeds:

"The very concreteness of those meals seems to make them especially forceful. Mothers pore over them with culinary interest, but what is more astonishing is the line of fathers, some of them workingmen, others officers in gold-braided French uniforms, who stop, notebook in hand, to jot down the menus and come to ask the worker in charge for explanatory leaflets. France is the meeting-place of soldiers of many countries; brown territorial troops from northern Africa, British men in khaki, and others drift in to the pavilion to see its sights and not infrequently to carry off literature to mail home.

"One whole side of the exhibition is devoted to Lyons's own organization for child-welfare—and every effort is made to interest mothers in the persons and institutions on whom the continued carrying out of the principles of the exhibits must depend. A class has been opened for French women, with lectures by French and American specialists and practical training in Red-Cross dispensaries and hospitals, to equip its members to act as home medical visitors for these organizations. In the square in front of the building is an open space with swings and other appurtenances of an American playground, where games, a few weeks ago unknown, are already popular.

"The alliance of France and America in war has given an opportunity for an alliance in forward-looking movements such as probably has never existed before in either country. The Americans came with the prestige of outsiders, but with the confidence which is given only to friends. 'We Frenchmen never visit our own country until we are called upon to do its honors to strangers,' said Mayor Herriot of Lyons, at the close of the meeting which opened the exposition. 'Then we discover unsuspected charms. For my part, I thank the Americans for giving an opportunity in this ceremony for the assembling of representatives of the various social forces of our country. I thank them for giving the Mayor of this city the pleasant and rare chance to greet all you who bear name, office, and authority.'

"Upon the platform, besides the Mayor and representatives of the Red Cross, sat the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, the Vicar-General, the Prefect of the Department of the Rhône, the Military Governor of Lyons, the President of the General Council of the Rhône, the Chief Rabbi, the President of the Tribunal of Commerce of Lyons, two French senators, the consuls of Belgium, Italy, Russia, Greece, Japan, and the United States, the director of the International Institute of Bibliography of Brussels, and noted French scientists. The interest which has been aroused in all classes of officialdom, as well as in the thousands of mothers and fathers and children who have flocked to the exposition, can not but help to give strong support to the Lyons organizations on whom must fall the burden of carrying out the ideas which the exhibits have made current; moreover, the Americans' experience of working under the favorable conditions of prophets out of their own country must in turn react on the success in which similar educational experiments can be carried out in America."

From "L'Illustration."

THE SWEETMEAT HOUR.

Nurses at the home for refugee children giving the daily chocolate ration.

POINTING THE WAY TO THE PULPIT

A STERN CALL TO DUTY to preachers in "what are styled the better class of churches" is plainly to be heard in these days of war-time profiteering. They must see to it that judgment shall not begin at the house of the Lord through their failure to act for humanity and in the interest of righteousness and against the wrong-doer. Let the minister of responsibility grapple with the profiteer, the money-shaver, and oppressor, for the time is coming speedily when the Church will have to give an account to the nation for its "services to high morality and a clean public conscience." Ministers are the agents of God for the work of "purging the body of believers from the presence of the sons of Belial," observes the Baltimore *American*, which adds:

"And yet how seldom is it the case that the more insidious, the more general, and the more deadly sins of the rich and cultured are given the scoring that the common vices receive? The Church finds it easier to arraign vice than it does to arraign wrong. How seldom in the churches of the comfortable classes does the minister who preaches to fat and sleek money-worshipers, whose garments reek with the sins committed against the Lord's poor, take these sins for his text! How often do these ministers turn to the strong words of St. James—at all times the apostle of righteousness—and call upon the rich to 'weep and howl' for the miseries that shall come upon them: 'Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days.' Such is the vehemence of this apostle of equity against the oppressor of the hireling, and the usurper, and the horde of those who reap where they have not sown."

The same bitter accusation goes forth from the Almighty to all those who are to-day seeking under the distraction of the times to practise trickery and oppression, more than they would dare to do under ordinary conditions. First *The American* names profiteers, and specifically rent-profiteers, who lay heavy exactions, unwarranted by anything save their oppressive power, upon those who have the stern duties of maintenance to meet with none too adequate means. Next on this journal's list are

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the mortgage oppressors, who see property values strong compared with prewar times and are foreclosing mortgages "to secure their petty gains, or are demanding the greasing of their palms for refraining from so doing." The Government is looking toward these classes and toward all other profiteers, petty as well as big, but *The American* asks:

"Does not the ministry realize that by tacitly condoning the acts of persons in their congregations never known to have made an honest dollar, they are fighting against God and are lax in their duties to their country and to humanity? Do they not hear the voice of patriotism and the voice of religion calling to them to 'cry aloud and spare not'? Do they not realize that they have in their hands the whip of small cords with which Jesus cleansed the temple of the money-changers? Do they not recall the words of Jesus: It is written my house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves? Can not they see that the infamous crew of the well-groomed despoilers of their kind find their cover in the sanctuary of the Almighty? Do they not perceive that to the extent they fail to mark these men and to blast their types of offenses from the pulpit and, where they have the facts, to oust them from church office and church fellowship, they are acting in direct opposition to the very spirit and the ideals of the times? Do they not see that the entire nation is in the work of making men fear God and keep his commandments, and that the Church has the duty to lead in this work? Let the watchmen on the walls of Zion be alert against the wiles of the devil who would impudently set up his chapel in the temple of God.

"What are the churches for the well-to-do doing in the work of cleansing the temple of the Shylocks that have risen in swarms in these times? They should, they must, cooperate with the President of the United States, with the nation itself, and with the demands of the times for a democratization of the population in the essential facts of honesty and cooperation. Yet at the very moment young men by the million are going to the Front, and the people as a whole are giving, some of them their all, for the cause of making the world fit to live in, this tribe of money-worshiping Ishmaelites are holding official posts in the church and are posing as the supports of virtue while wearing the livery of heaven to serve Satan in. The condition, which is not general, but always difficult, is now alarming. Hence the cry of St. James is the cry of to-day to the Churches to purge themselves of the leaven of unbelief that is represented by the individuals whose one aim is to widen their phylacteries that they may be seen of men, while they devour widows' houses."

TOBACCO AND PUGILISM IN THE ARMY

UNDENIABLE MORAL GAINS can be recorded as by-products of the war, but we must not overlook the fact that certain retrogressions are also to be noted. Chief among moral war-gains is the tremendous impetus toward prohibition and the fact that the vital gospel of a clean life has been preached to hundreds of thousands of enlisted men by physicians whose text has been delivered straight from the shoulder. These benefits of war are happily admitted by *The Northwestern Christian Advocate* (Methodist, Chicago), which, however, claims that war has sent us backward in certain matters. Here is its view:

"Take the matter of tobacco, particularly cigarets. Just previous to the war the fight on that insidious and destructive enemy of youth had progressed to the point of prohibition in certain States. Churches, without exception, opposed the use of cigarets, and the appellation 'coffin-nail' was fastened upon it with more of earnest than jest.

"But suddenly the current of opposition seemed dried up; the friends of the cigaret multiplied; newspapers, magazines, bill-boards, and movie-screens were flooded with the most enticing advertisements; the Red Cross gave its blessing; other soldiers' aid societies were won over, and not a few ministers of the gospel either openly espoused the traffic or encouraged it by a policy of silence. At last the Government has officially recognized the cigaret as a regular feature of the soldier's equipment. For the present victory favors the Tobacco Trust.

"Another breakdown in the line of moral resistance is in the pugilistic sector. Prize-fighting had been practically driven from the United States. The frown of public opinion had been effectual, and fist-fighting was all but thrown on the discard. But what have we now?

"Every prize-fighter in the land is working overtime. The 'kids,' the 'Mikes,' and the 'Petes' have sprung into popular favor. Prize-fights (boxing-bouts, they call them) are staged at nearly all the camps, with a 'kid' as a master of ceremonies. The other day a huge truck was transformed into a prize-fight ring, and for days was moved slowly through the crowded loop district of Chicago advertising a 'boxing-match' to be given at Camp Grant, July 4. Professional boxers, stript for the fray, engaged in contests along the street. Thus, before hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children was the spectacle of violent boxing by rounds, a replica of the prize-ring. On one of these occasions a priest chaplain acted as referee. As the truck stood near the city hall, he delivered a scathing rebuke to those who oppose or even criticize the game, his remarks being directed particularly toward the Mayor's ear."

This religious weekly seems particularly surprized that a chaplain should speak in defense of boxing because it "makes real men." "Blood has been spilled," a chaplain is quoted as saying at Camp Grant, "but no one has been hurt," and "it is the best thing in the world for a man to get a punch in the nose." *The Advocate* points with disgust to press comments on the different fights at Camp Grant, which were witnessed by 20,000 soldiers and civilians. It notes that one man "was knocked clear through the ropes . . . after being put down for the count of six by a stiff right to the jaw." Again "both lads slugged in a manner that drew howls from the crowd," which leads *The Advocate* to remark:

"The argument that the use of the fists will aid the soldiers in overcoming Huns when they come to grips in the trenches has some slight force, tho the number of soldiers who are thrown into a situation requiring the skill of the boxer is infinitesimal. When the war is over and a return to the daily life of peace is had, we may be assured the prize-fight will be so thoroughly ensconced in American sports as to necessitate another long and wearisome campaign of education and legislation to push it back a second time into obscurity.

"It is doubtful if a campaign waged against these two suddenly popularized soldier 'aids' will avail aught for the present. The answer hurled at one who sounds a note of opposition to either is that he is 'unpatriotic.' Patriotism is used to cover a multitude of abuses. One can secure public approval of almost any act if he prefaces it with the declaration, 'I am doing this in the name of patriotism.' The other day a vaudeville stunt was indulged in in the crowded Chicago loop district. A small stage had been erected on the sidewalk and two too-scantily attired dancers performed shamefully before the noon-hour throng. They got by with it because it was in the interest, it was stated, of some war-fund. Had the disgusting act been attempted a year or two ago, the principals would have been arrested.

"If, as we say, these extravagances are opposed, one's criticism returns with compound interest upon his own head. His patriotism is questioned, and it is even insinuated that he is playing into the hands of the enemy. Under such stress, many whose opinions are just as strong are refraining from giving expression thereto, desiring not even the faintest doubt to be raised against their loyalty.

"Nothing in the foregoing justifies a policy of silence. Those possessing pronounced convictions regarding the matters touched upon should yield no ground at this critical juncture. Their opinions, positively exprest, may not avail; they probably will not; the swing in favor of cigaret-smoking and 'boxing' is too strong to be hurled back now, or during the war. But churchmen must sit tight, or rather stand firm, in their opposition to these things. The war will end some day, and the cessation of combat on the field of France will mark the beginning of a conflict here to continue certain practises countenanced by the war. Danger lies in the temptation of those who should be expected to stand with unyielding opposition, so to compromise their position now that their influence for to-morrow will be destroyed. It is rank dereliction to wink at these practises to-day. The Church must maintain unyielding opposition thereto, while the call comes to all who see in these inroads a serious moral danger to personally oppose them, even in the face of ridicule and the more unjust fling of being 'unpatriotic.'"

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FUEL-PROBLEMS-IN-WAR-TIME

Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES FUEL ADMINISTRATION.

TALKS TO HOUSEHOLDERS ON SAVING FUEL

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DR. H. A. GARFIELD,
United States Fuel Administrator.

IT IS of vital importance that you as a consumer of coal should understand the fuel need of the country, which makes conservation of coal, oil, gasoline, and kerosene a paramount duty. The nation is confronted with a war-demand for fuel which even the record production now being maintained can not entirely supply. The coal needs of the nation are estimated at 735,000,000 tons. Last year's production was about 650,000,000 tons. Upwards of 80,000,000 tons more than was supplied last year is demanded for this year.

SAVE A TON—*One ton of coal will manufacture 25 shells for our three-inch guns—the famous French "75's."*

With the Fuel Administration, the coal-mine operators, and the mine-workers working under tremendous pressure to produce every additional ton of coal that can be dug and transported, their efforts must be supplemented by coal thrift on your part.

The responsibility for getting every possible ton out of the ground rests with the Fuel Administration and the coal industry.

The responsibility for making every ton of coal do its full duty in producing light, heat, and power rests with you.

Every shovelful of coal you waste means another shovelful that must be brought up from the mines and carried over the heavily burdened transportation system to the consumer.

YOU MUST SAVE COAL!—*To produce and transport the steel for 8,000,000 tons of steel ships will take 14,000,000 tons of coal.*

There has been much wasteful and uneconomical use of coal in the United States. The nation has always had plenty of coal, and prior to the outbreak of the war it was used with wasteful extravagance. The coal that then was wastefully burned must now be used to supply the exacting demands of the great war-industries. That you may realize the necessity for your personal cooperation in the elimination of coal waste, you should know of the efforts which have been made to increase production and the difficulties which have been encountered.

At present the bituminous coal-mines of the country are turning out an unprecedented production. During the week ended July 13 about thirteen and a quarter millions of tons of bituminous coal were taken from the mines and transported to consumers. This was a record far ahead of anything the bituminous coal-mining industry had ever reached before. Only twice since the coal year began, on April 1, 1918, has the weekly production exceeded the average weekly demand estimated by the Fuel Administration.

DOMESTIC CONSUMER, YOU MUST DO YOUR PART!—*To take 125,000 men per month to the firing-line in France requires 3,000,000 tons of coal annually.*

The problem of getting the tremendously increased coal tonnage out of the ground has been complicated by various factors. First, there was a marked shortage of railroad-car service at the mines, and without cars to haul the coal away as rapidly as it is mined production is forced to halt. Bituminous coal will not readily store; it can not be mined and left to be hauled to market at some future time.

And this shortage of cars, a condition now greatly improved, has had its serious effect on the labor end of the production problem, which, after all, is the biggest end of the problem. There is so much profitable work to be had in the war-industries that coal-mine workers who found their mines idle for lack of railroad-cars have sought and found employment elsewhere. Many others have gone into the Army through the draft or through voluntary enlistment. To replace those lost men is a task of daily increasing difficulty.

HELP SAVE A TON.—*To manufacture equipment now required by our railroads will take 5,000,000 tons of coal.*

It is conservatively estimated that from both the anthracite and bituminous fields over 15 per cent. of the labor-supply has been lost since the beginning of the war. And yet in the face of this loss, the remaining mine-workers have been producing more coal than ever before.

But the problem of securing and holding a sufficient labor force to keep the coal coming from the mines fast enough to satisfy war's demands is one that continues. Necessary as coal is to the successful conduct of war, the labor of mining it has none of the glamour that attaches to other war-work—to ship-building, munition-making, or the manufacture of guns.

ECONOMIZE IN COAL.—*A 15,000-ton troop-ship consumes 3,000 tons of coal in carrying one load of our boys across.*

There is coming, however, a practical realization of the truth uttered by President Wilson when, addressing the miners, he said: "The work of the world waits on you."

Recently, asking Mr. Frank J. Hayes, president of the United Mine Workers of America, to bring before the mine-workers the importance of their duties, Fuel Administrator Garfield wrote:

"My appeal to the miner, therefore, is to work his full eight hours every working-day and to dig and load as much coal as possible in that time; and my appeal to the other mine-workers is to see to it that the miner never waits for any empty mine car. Every man should set as fast a pace as he can and then keep it up; he should do his best without paying any attention to what any one else does. The boys in the trenches are not watching the clock. They haven't time. They must do the work first before they quit. They don't knock off for holidays. They can't. There simply mustn't be any shortage in their performances, and they are looking to us to prevent any shortages here. However much coal-miners may be doing now, will they not do still more? For I assure you and them that we are at a stage in this war when every shovelful counts."

CAN YOU SAVE EIGHTY POUNDS OF COAL?—*Eighty pounds of coal will make a three-inch shell to carry the message of militant democracy into the German lines.*

There is a growing spirit of cooperation between mine-operators and mine-workers. For their part, the operators have recognized it as their patriotic duty to keep their mines at the highest possible point of efficiency, to keep the mines free from gas, to see that the miner is well supplied with cars, timbers, and all the aids needful in his work. The mine-worker is taking to heart the admonition of the United States Fuel Administration to put in his full day for as many days in the week as possible. Voluntarily the mine-workers agreed not to extend their July 4th celebration beyond the holiday itself; they have surrendered their custom of the whole colliery quitting work to attend the funeral of one of their members.

In spite of a loss of mine labor from various causes, estimated as reducing the ranks of the mine-workers by 15 per cent., the daily average of production has increased and is still increasing.

CAN YOU, MR. HOUSEHOLDER, SAVE A TON?—*That ton is needed to build two tons of shipping after the material reaches the shipyard.*

Another factor that is greatly helping production is the effort of the United States Fuel Administration to insure the mining of clean coal. By strict attention to this the unnecessary handling and hauling away of slate, bone, sulfur, shale, rock, and dirt has been eliminated.

The task of urging mine-operators and mine-workers on to still greater efforts of coal-production sternly called for by the needs of war is now in the hands of James B. Neale, director of Production of the Fuel Administration, a man whose lifetime of practical experience in the coal industry has fitted him to understand the attitude and the responsibilities of the operators, and the needs and the possibilities of the mine-workers.

COAL MUST BE SAVED!—*The 60,000,000 shells fired by the French at the battle of Verdun required 9,000,000 tons of coal to produce and transport them.*

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CURRENT POETRY

COMPARISONS, they say, are odious, but nothing brings out the charm of a poet's work more surely than to contrast him with a brother singer. Here are two poets of distinction. Walter de la Mare has the charm of the elusive and his syllables carry a subtler music than those of any other living poet. Theodore Maynard is a distinct contrast; he is a balladist at heart and his work has a throb and a lilt which, added to his honest cheeriness, make him a singularly attractive writer. Let us take first de la Mare's new book "Motley" (Henry Holt, New York), from which we cull this characteristic piece of work:

THE SCRIBE

By Walter de la Mare

What lovely things
Thy hand hath made:
The smooth-plumed bird
In its emerald shade,
The seed of grass,
The speck of stone
Which the wayfaring ant
Stirs—and hastes on!

Tho I should sit
By some tarn in thy hills,
Using its ink
As the spirit wills,
To write of Earth's wonders,
Its live, willed things,
Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh;
Leviathan told
And the honey-fly:
And still would remain
My wit to try—
My worn reeds broken,
The dark tarn dry,
All words forgotten—
Thou, Lord, and I.

Here is a delicate piece of artistry:

ALONE

By Walter de la Mare

The abode of the nightingale is bare,
Flowered frost congeals in the gelid air,
The fox howls from his frozen lair:
Alas, my loved one is gone,
I am alone:
It is winter.

Once the pink cast a winy smell,
The wild bee hung in the hyacinth bell,
Light in effulgence of beauty fell:
Alas, my loved one is gone,
I am alone:
It is winter.

My candle a silent fire doth shed,
Starry Orion hunts o'erhead;
Come moth, come shadow, the world is dead:
Alas, my loved one is gone,
I am alone:
It is winter.

A tone of sadness runs through this poet's work, but in these verses he shows us that the sad are not unhappy:

THE RIDDLERS

By Walter de la Mare

"Thou solitary!" the Blackbird cried,
"I, from the happy Wren,
Linnet and Blackcap, Woodlark, Thrush,
Perched all upon a sweetbrier-bush,
Have come at cold of midnight-tide
To ask thee, why and when
Grief smote thy heart so thou dost sing
In solemn hush of evening,
So sorrowfully, lovelorn Thing—
Nay, nay, not sing, but rave, but wail,
Most melancholic Nightingale?
Do not the dews of darkness steep
All pinings of the day in sleep?
Why, then, when rocked in starry nest
We mutely couch, secure, at rest,
Doth thy lone heart delight to make
Music for sorrow's sake?"

A Moon was there. So still her beam,
It seemed the whole world lay a-dream,
Lulled by the watery sea.
And from her leafy night-hung nook
Upon this stranger soft did look
The Nightingale: sighed he:

"'Tis strange, my friend; the Kingfisher
But yestermorn conjured me here
Out of his green and gold to say
Why thou, in splendor of the noon,
Wearest of color but golden shoon,
And else dost thee array
In a most somber suit of black?
'Surely,' he sighed, 'some load of grief,
Past all our thinking—and belief—
Must weigh upon his back!'
Do then, in turn, tell me, if joy
Thy heart as well as voice employ,
Why dost thou now, most Sable, shine
In plumage wofuller far than mine?
Thy silence is a sadder thing
Than any dirge I sing!"

Thus, then, these two small birds, perched there,
Breathed a strange riddle both did share
Yet neither could expound,
And we—who sing but as we can,
In the small knowledge of a man—
Have we an answer found?
Nay, some are happy whose delight
Is hid even from themselves from sight;
And some win peace who spend
The skill of words to sweeten despair
Of finding consolation where
Life has but one dark end;
Who, in rapt solitude, tell o'er
A tale, as lovely as forlore,
Into the midnight air.

Turning now to Theodore Maynard's book "Folly" (Erskine Macdonald, London), we find he has an honest interest in everything about him. Here is a ballade inspired by some old bell-wether of the flock as the poet tramps over the hills:

BALLADE OF SHEEP-BELLS

By Theodore Maynard

I left behind the green and gracious weald,
And climbing stiffly up the steep incline
Found high above each little hedged field,
Above the somber autumn woods of pine—
Where gentle skies are clear and calm—
The place remote from dense and foolish throng,
And there, where all the winds are sharp with brine,
I heard the sheep-bells ringing on the Downs.

The sun hung out of heaven like a shield
Emblazoned o'er with heraldry divine.
I suddenly saw, as tho with eyes unsealed,
A portent sent me for an awful sign,
A fairy sea whereon the cold stars shine;
And standing on the sward of withered browns,
Burnt by the noontide and cropped close and fine,
I heard the sheep-bells ringing on the Downs.

A *carillon* of delicate music pealed
And tingled through the steeple of my spine;
My soul was filled with loveliness and healed.
I know how joy and anguish interwine—
But this shall greatly comfort me as wine,
Good wine, comforts a man and sweetly drowns
The many sorrows of this heart of mine—
I heard the sheep-bells ringing on the Downs!

Next comes the outpouring of a heart grateful for all the joy of living:

DEUS, QUI LAETIFICAT JUVENTUTEM MEAM

By Theodore Maynard

God Who taught a lovely tune
To the lyric heart of June—
That fine tune she dances to
All the singing summer through;

Who makes the galleon clouds to swim
In the great skies bright and dim;
Who shows me as a flag unfurled
The gallant glory of the world;

Who leads me in His giant wars
To shout defiance to the stars,
And gives me, when we ride together,
A sword, a bugle, and a feather;

Who calls my youthful throat to chaunt
When the specters, black and gaunt,
Straddle in my path, and fade
To see me gaily unafraid;

Who set me singing from my birth
All the gladness of the earth—
All its joys and jollity
Singing in the heart of me!

In this chorus I have given
Praise to all that under heaven
Sweetly lives—and praise the most
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

But Mr. Maynard is not always in this ecstatic mood, he has his moments of relaxation when he dearly loves to shock, and he does it with a verve. Hear him chant the praise of Bacchus—and yet he is a sober man:

DRINKING SONG

By Theodore Maynard

When Horace wrote his noble verse,
His brilliant, glowing line,
He must have gone to bed the worse
For good Falernian wine.
No poet yet could praise the rose
In verse that so serenely flows
Unless he dipped his Roman nose
In good Falernian wine.

Shakespeare and Jonson, too,
Drank deep of barley brew—
Drank deep of barley brew, my boys,
Drank deep of barley brew!

When Alexander led his men
Against the Persian King,
He broached a hundred hogsheads, then
They drank like anything.
They drank by day, they drank by night,
And when they marshaled for the fight
Each put a score of foes to flight—
Then drank like anything!

No warrior worth his salt
But quaffs the mighty malt—
But quaffs the mighty malt, my boys,
But quaffs the mighty malt!

When Patrick into Ireland went
The works of God to do,
It was his excellent intent
To teach men how to brew.
The holy saint had in his train
A man of splendid heart and brain—
A brewer was this worthy swain—
To teach men how to brew.

The snakes he drove away
Were teetotalers, they say—
Teetotalers, they say, my boys,
Teetotalers, they say!

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

AMERICAN DEEDS OF VALOR THAT BEAT BACK THE "BOCHE" ON THE MARNE

DIRECTLY after the early successes of the Germans in the second battle of the Marne—which marked the opening of the fifth ineffectual Teutonic drive—and when the Americans were forced back on Condé-en-Brié, the French commander informed the American General that it was perfectly well understood that his troops had fought hard, contesting every foot of the German advance, and, as the result of the battle was in no way imperiled, it was not expected that a counter-attack would be launched immediately. He therefore suggested an hour's rest for the troops. This is the answer sent back by the American General. We have quoted it before, but it is worth repeating:

"We regret being unable, on this occasion, to follow the counsels of our masters the French, but the American flag has been forced to retire. This is unendurable and none of our soldiers would understand not being asked to do whatever is necessary to repair a situation which is humiliating to us and unacceptable to our country's honor. We are going to counter-attack."

The American counter-attack was not only launched, but the lost ground was recovered with the gain of an additional half-mile for good measure. This was on July 15, and the American doughboys have fully justified their commander's estimate of their fighting spirit, for the Huns ever since have been on the retreat before the fierce-fighting, hard-hitting "handful of undisciplined Americans."

Many thrilling stories are constantly coming from the Front telling of the heroic acts of Uncle Sam's boys in stemming the desperate drive of the Teutonic hordes, and turning it into an Allied offensive. For instance, here is the story of Sergeant J. F. Brown, as told by a correspondent of the New York *Evening Sun:*

Separated from his platoon, he encountered the captain of another company. Pointing at four enemy machine guns, the captain said: "Let's get 'em."

The pair charged the nests, seemingly impervious to the hail of bullets, and killed or captured the crews of two of the guns. The prisoners were in their way, so Brown turned them over to the captain and cleaned up the other two guns alone, taking additional prisoners and smashing the pieces.

The captain started back to the American lines and Brown followed some distance in his wake with the prisoners. The sergeant encountered a comrade, Corporal Pipp, who volunteered to guard the Germans. Brown readily accepted, as he had just caught sight of a shallow section of trench, half filled with dead *Boches*. The other half was filled with *Boches*, too—very much alive.

Brown's automatic rifle had become so hot that he could barely hold it. But he laid it across his arm and opened fire on the trench, killing several of its occupants. One of the Huns yelled "*Kamerad!*"

"All right, come out," Brown replied between shots.

All of the Germans, numbering nearly a hundred, dropt their guns and surrendered.

Brown and Pipp again started for the rear and encountered other members of their platoon with prisoners. Brown took charge of them all.

The wood where Brown and others had been fighting was being shelled continuously. Once the party was surrounded, but the Americans fought their way out with their automatic rifles.

At the edge of the wood Brown's companions left him to "get some more Heinies" and he herded his prisoners along a shell-pitted road toward the rear. He walked them ten miles from the Front and then marched them to headquarters, making a total hike of about twenty-five miles.

Arriving at headquarters, Brown made an accurate count of his bag for the first time. There were 159 of them, including a major, a captain, and two lieutenants. The sergeant assured the commander, he had a "receipt," and turned over a pistol and pair of wire-cutters he had taken from the major.

Brown had narrowly escaped death a number of times, and his uniform was torn with bullets. Early in the fighting his pack was shot from his back by shrapnel.

So much for Brown, whose State, hometown, and military unit were suppressed, as the New York *Globe* rather peevishly remarks, by "a bonehead censor," who, however, let the information filter through that a year ago this "undisciplined American" was a twenty-two-year-old shipping-clerk.

The stories of individual bravery are so numerous that it is impossible to relate them all in detail. There is the incident of the artillery company that ran out of ammunition. Volunteers were called for to go over a three-mile stretch of shell-swept road for a fresh supply. Every man volunteered, and when the needed number were selected they drove their galloping horses, attached to bounding caissons, through a rain of shells. Several of the animals were killed, and on the return trip the number of horses was so greatly reduced by the raking fire that the men were forced to cut the dead and wounded beasts free from their harnesses and, taking the traces themselves, dash along beside the still uninjured animals.

The Sun also tells the following story of a scouting expedition of three Americans who captured a German boat east of Château Thierry and rowed across the Marne under cover of darkness before the German retreat began:

They hid in bushes during the day, exploring the banks and discovering enemy machine guns. Then they reentered the boat and pushed their explorations further. The Germans discovered them and opened an intense machine-gun fire. The Americans escaped by diving overboard and swimming, half the time under the surface.

The next night they led a strong patrol of their pals across and extended their investigations, obtaining valuable information concerning the disposition of German units.

An instance of great bravery occurred when an exploding shell buried a doughboy so that only his head protruded from the dirt. His struggles to extricate himself only exhausted him. Along came a pal, returning to a dressing-station, with a dangerous head wound. He stopt and began digging out the buried man. Finally, his strength failed him and he fell unconscious. He recovered somewhat and resumed his digging.

"You go and get your wound drest; it's more serious than my trouble," the buried doughboy declared, "Some one will find me."

The other refused to go and fell unconscious again. His companion by superhuman efforts managed to extricate himself at last. Altho suffering from a badly wounded arm, he dragged his pal back to the dressing-station. Twice on the way they were bowled over by exploding shells.

Bugler McIlroy, of Fox Chase, Pa., arrived at his regimental headquarters with a message from his captain. He looked pale and fatigued as he stood before his colonel and saluted, writes the *Sun* correspondent:

"How did you get through? Your company is cut off," asked the colonel.

"Crawled on my belly, sir, part of the way," replied the bugler. Important information was delivered, and while arrangements were being made that resulted later in extricating the captain, it was observed that Bugler McIlroy had fainted. He had been without food for forty-eight hours. When taken into the colonel's mess, revived with water, and offered food, he said:

"I can not take it, for I must get back to my company. They need me."

The officers had to make him eat, but within ten minutes he was on the return trip, the colonel proudly remarking to me:

"That is the sort of stuff there is in this unit."

The loyalty of the bugler was to Capt. William Williams, of Philadelphia, already cited for extraordinary bravery during the fighting. The regimental adjutant tells the story that Captain Williams, when the Germans came on with overwhelming numbers, went with one of his platoons to a hill at his rear to protect a flank. As the men dropt back from knoll to knoll they fought all the way, sometimes hand to hand. He covered the withdrawal with eleven men.

Afterward, Captain Williams reorganized his company, taking in a stray lot of members of another company, and joined with the French in a counter-attack which stopt the Germans. Upon being relieved, Captain Williams insisted upon being given another position in the front line. No wonder the bugler went back to such a leader of men.

Another bugler named Jones, of Somerset, Pa., and of another company, took charge of eighteen men and, after two days of continuous fighting through the woods, finally rejoined his regiment. They refused to surrender again and again, often being surrounded by enemy groups of twice their number, but somehow they managed to get through. Jones has been cited by his colonel and the French commander for the *Croix de Guerre.*

Capt. Edward Mackey, of Williamsport, Pa., had his company scattered in four

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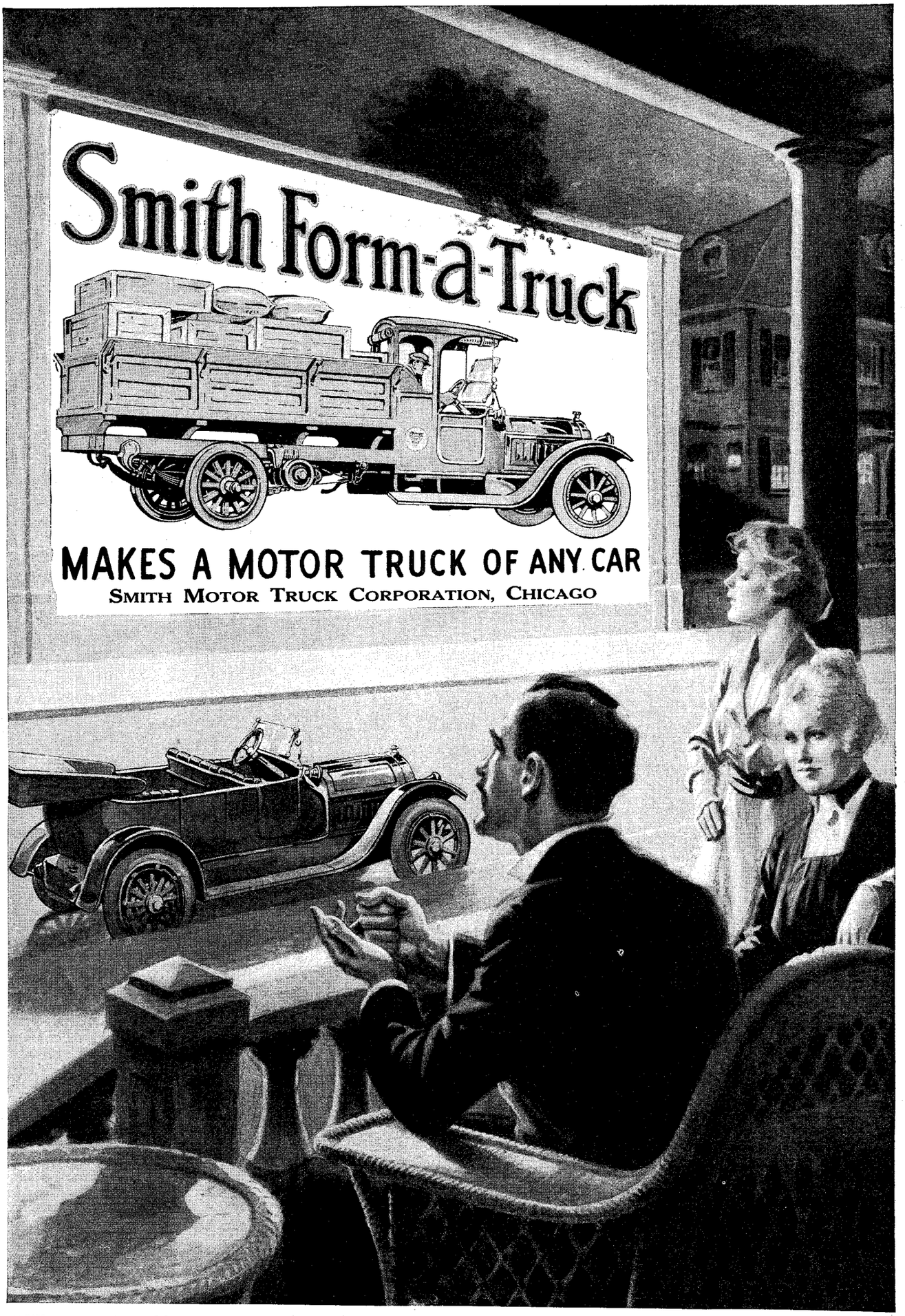

"I'll make that old car pay for itself and the new one, too. Tomorrow it becomes a Smith Form-a-Truck."

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groups assisting the French in covering a point of passage over the Marne. He managed to get part of his men together and with Lieut. Thomas Fales, the cricket-player, of Philadelphia, led in thirty-five privates, bringing prisoners. Meantime, Lieut. Martin Wheeler, of Moscow, Pa., and of the same company, was working his way through the woods with another group of men. He found himself and party completely cut off with the enemy on three sides of him. A narrow trail opened down into the woods.

"Sergeant, give me a rifle. Take the men out that way. I will hold them off while you beat it," said Wheeler. With his rifle and alone Wheeler covered the rear of his platoon, lying in the grass and picking off the enemy one by one as they advanced. When he had given his men ten minutes' time he got up and made a run for it and managed to get through and receive the congratulations of his colonel and the cheers of the platoon he had saved.

Private Joseph Bennett, of Gulf Mills, Pa., distinguished himself by shooting a machine-gunner who was up a tree with his gun trained on Bennett's lieutenant. Another German came tumbling out of the branches and Bennett caught him on his bayonet. Then here is the story of "Kid" Logan, ex-prize-fighter, of Chicago, as told by *The Sun:*

A lieutenant commanding fifty men holding a knoll at Bois de Condé, cut off from his regiment, called for a volunteer runner to make headquarters. This was during the German smash across the Marne east of Château Thierry, and eight runners had been killed trying to get word back to the same headquarters.

"Take me. I can get through," spoke up Logan. He went and brought a captain back with him. The detachment, fighting from sand-pit to sand-pit, kept falling back. Finally, when the detachment was almost surrounded, on the brow of a hill appeared a machine-gun company sent to their relief.

"They came just in time. We could not have held on much longer," said Private George M. Rucker, of Gasport, N. Y., telling of the incident.

Private Luther Edwards, of Newport, Ark., had never been five miles from his father's farm until he volunteered last August. He got to within whistling distance of the big German shells a few weeks ago. He says farming is a whole lot quieter work, but he proposes to stick to the job until it is well done, for that's a way farmers have out in his neck of the woods. A correspondent of the New York *Globe* writes:

Two lieutenants from Chicago who belong to the same battery, and who left home at the same time, were carried back from the battle-field on the same ammunition-caisson and occupy adjoining cots in the same hospital. Both cheerfully declare that it is now a race to see which will first return to the regiment. I am not permitted to give their names. One had his left ankle sprained and his right leg pierced with shrapnel. The other had a broken leg, and his right forearm pierced with a bullet.

"I was able to direct the fire of the battery until I was relieved," said one of them. "Every man stuck to his post despite the terrific counter-battery fire; tho shells were falling all around, our guns were never silenced. New men took the places of the gunners falling from exhaustion."

"We stuck right to our guns until we were firing point-blank at the Germans," said Corporal Archie Wilcox, of Milwaukee. "Finally, there were no more to shoot at. Evidently the Kaiser had run out of cannon fodder."

"The shelling was awful and I do not see how we found our way through the woods alive," said Private Louis Hankey, of Preston, Kan. "They shelled the kitchens and stables of the engineers until there wasn't a boiler or a mule left. They threw over gas which finished any of the animals remaining alive."

"Two platoons of our companies were digging trenches when the attack started," said Private Frederick Bohm, of Woodhaven, N. Y. "We all came back without a scratch, but then a shell landed near us, getting several of the men."

"I went through the whole fight without getting a scratch," said Private (name deleted), of Pittsburg. "Then when we came back and were resting I was nipt by shrapnel. Ain't that tough?"

The floor of the dugout occupied by the colonel of one of the American regiments was covered with wounded men by this time, and they were being brought in faster than the surgeons could attend to them. They stood around the walls in the dancing shadows cast by the few flickering candles, arms in slings, heads swathed, and eyes blinded by gas. It was headquarters and first-aid station combined, says *The Globe* man, who writes:

This was the scene which greeted William Danforth, of St. Louis, divisional Y. M. C. A. chief, when he penetrated to the Front searching for his assistants. Two of them, Richard Shrive, of Rochester, N. Y., and D. C. Howes, of North Carolina, were busy putting bandages on wounded men as if they had been surgeons all their lives instead of prominent business men.

"If I get out will you crippled men come along?" asked Mr. Danforth. The wounded men nodded assent, and, taking a blinded man by the arm, he led the way. Those wounded in the arms supported those injured in the legs and made up a party of ninety men, lame and halt, who made their way across the fields slowly and painfully until they reached the roads where ambulances were waiting.

This Y. M. C. A. outfit anticipated the drive early in July and stocked up the front with provisions in the darkness of the night. As soon as the drive started they distributed these supplies freely and many units are now being fed by them. Mr. Danforth assumed the responsibility, despite the strict accounting which is demanded for every penny spent. The organization is being supported by such men as Benjamin Lang and W. E. Stewart, of St. Louis, and other prominent men associated with him.

On the front of the hut occupied by Mr. Howes is this sign:

"Christ said, 'I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister.' We are trying to follow him and not just to run a canteen."

"That is the motto of the entire division," said Mr. Danforth.

There were six women workers in this organization. They were withdrawn under fire for hospital work. *The Globe* says of them and the brave work of other women during the drive:

They include Miss Enid Allen, of Racine, Wis.; Emma Dickson, of Philadelphia; Elizabeth Barker, Helen Bagoe, Anna Davis, and Mildred Nash, of Connecticut.

In other organizations many women are showing a courage worthy of soldiers in this drive. The Red-Cross workers are continuing their duties unflinchingly tho several of them have already been wounded. Other girls are sticking to the fighting positions tho doing less serious work.

Out of the mêlée of trucks, cannons, and ambulances which choke all the roads, the nearer you get to the Front, a young woman dodged in front of the car on which I was riding. She had a basket on one arm and with the other was throwing packages of cigarets into the open rear of the ambulances.

"Did you hear me swear?" she demanded as the driver stopt. "They would not wait so that I could give the cigarets to the men inside the ambulance."

Four girls, the Misses Mary Stevenson, of Sound Beach, Conn.; Mary Peyton, of Virginia; Dora Bewick, of Atlanta, Ga., and Rose Dolan, of Philadelphia, part of the organization known as the American Committee for the Devastated Regions of France, under the direction of Mrs. A. W. Dike, and Miss Anne Morgan, of New York, are distributing cigarets and chocolates among the soldiers. They served with hot chocolate an entire regiment of replacements arriving before dawn.

Several of the Y. M. C. A. secretaries have not yet returned from the front lines. One of them, Mark Howland, is being treated for shell-shock.

The accuracy of aim acquired by Private Book Hill, while hunting squirrels in the woods around Gadsden, Ala., was satisfactorily tested when thirty-eight *Taubes*, in squadron formation, began to sweep the American trenches in the Argonne. The Alabama squirrel-sniper was called upon by Lieut. Stephen Townsend, of Marinette, Wis., to prove up on some of his vaunted marksmanship. He did. Says the *Globe* correspondent:

Hill jumped on the parapet with his automatic rifle, and the second shot out of the clip hit a pilot and brought down the machine.

This record of bringing down a plane with a rifle was tied a few minutes later by Private Matthew Foody, of New York, who also brought down one with his automatic rifle. These exploits are said to be unprecedented, and both the men were cited in French Army orders.

Lieut. Hoxie Fairchild, a farmer instructor in Columbia University, New York City, after the commander of another platoon had been killed, picked up a rifle, and led a bayonet attack, capturing two machine guns and killing the crews.

Sergeant James O'Neill and Sergeant Bernard Finnerly, pals, of New York, distinguished themselves. O'Neill took command of a platoon after an officer had been wounded and shot two German machine-gunners. Finnerly was with Corporal Thomas Fitzgerald when the enemy was discovered approaching and grenading the trenches. In the terrific hand-to-hand encounter which followed the two men repelled the attack.

The first German prisoner was taken

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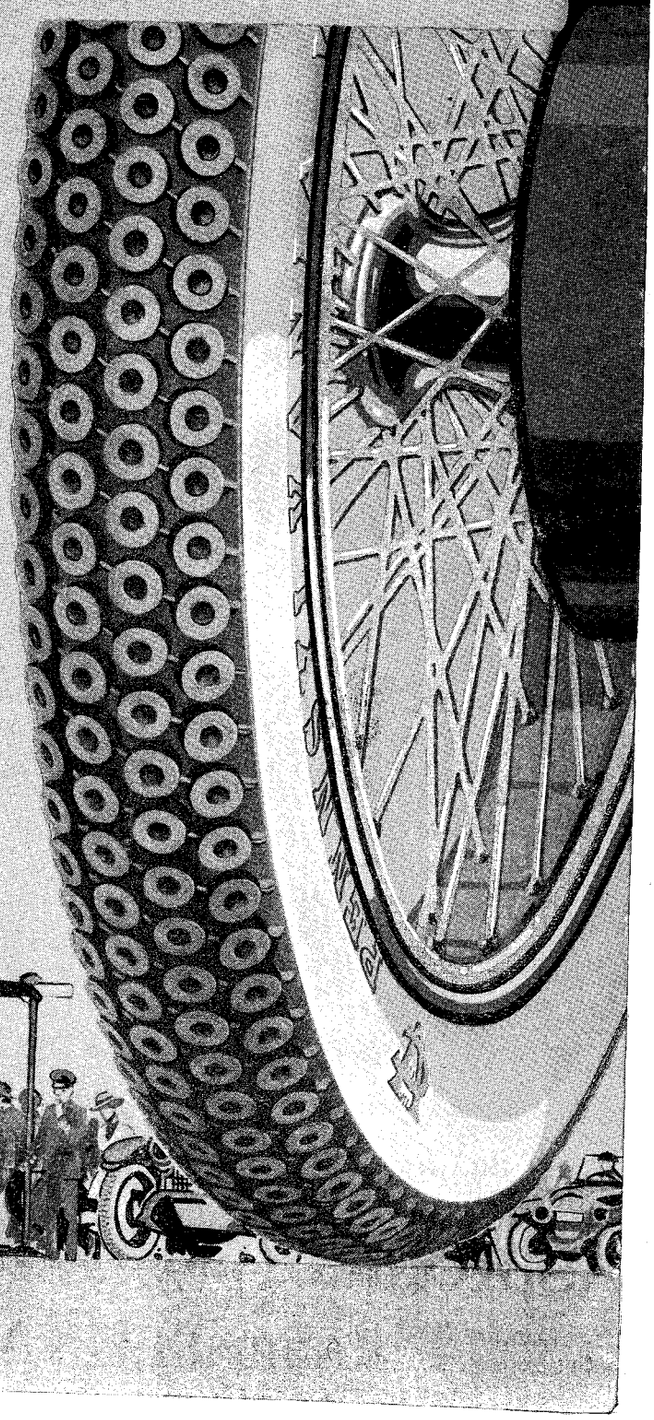

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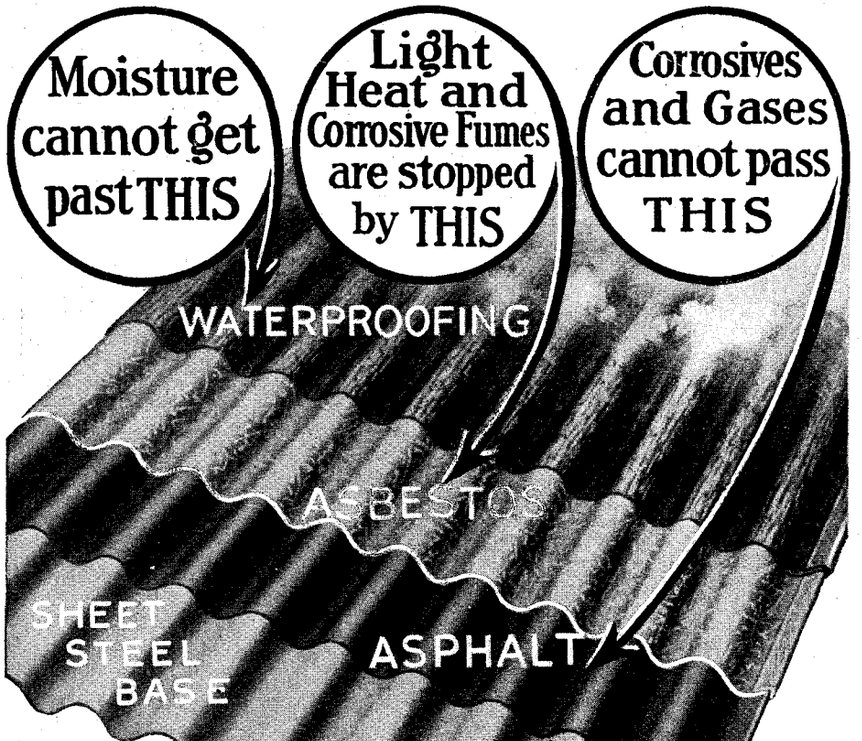

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under rather ridiculous circumstances. He was a major of the intelligence department who ran his automobile into our lines.

"You are not German?" he exclaimed in English, when he was stopt by Capt. Thomas Reilly, of New York City, a former Columbia football star.

"You are right," at once replied Reilly.

"Our schedule of attack says our men were due here an hour ago," insisted the German, studying a map.

"The train is late," said Reilly. "Get out of the car and walk back. You are a prisoner."

Despite the efforts of the German officers to impress upon their men that the Americans are a negligible quantity at the Front, the *Boches* have adopted a new cry. Private Francis D. Hallock, of Elmira, N. Y., tells how French dragoons drove a German major and several hundred men out of a grove near Ploisy. All hands were in the air, says Hallock, and the men were yelling: "Americans! *Kamerad!*"

In the case of a recaptured American tank, however, the Germans were not given an opportunity to practise their new yell. Says the *Globe* correspondent:

Private William Cunningham, of Perkinston, Miss., described to me how part of his squad recaptured a tank and turned the machine guns on the Germans.

"The tank," he said, "had been stalled, and the Germans, driving out the French, had taken possession and were working the machine guns at one end against our men. Two of us slipt around the tank, and the fellow with me unstrapt a pickax which he carried on his back for digging-in purposes. With this he prized open the iron door on the side of the machine and another man threw in a grenade, killing or wounding all the Germans inside. We then unstrapt the guns and carried them along."

The American officers found it difficult to hold back their men, who seemed not to be content unless they were constantly moving on the enemy. They were all headed for Berlin. Regimental commanders were forced to send out couriers to call back some units, and in one case a company got so far ahead of schedule that an airplane had to be sent with a restraining message.

Illustrating the spirit of the troops, a United Press correspondent at American Headquarters near Soissons writes to the New York *Evening World:*

When the attack was being planned Wednesday night, a certain American General suggested that his troops should advance to a certain point.

"I fear it would be inadvisable," said his superior. "You can't go that far."

"The h—— we can't!" exploded the General. "Any place I ask my boys to go they'll go!"

A special correspondent of the New York *Times,* shortly after the German drive had been checked and the boys from the United States were nailing down their gains, asked a French high officer what he thought of the conduct of the American troops. This was his reply:

"They have covered themselves with glory! They are glorious!"

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WHAT LONDON THOUGHT OF ITS FOURTH OF JULY BASEBALL GAME

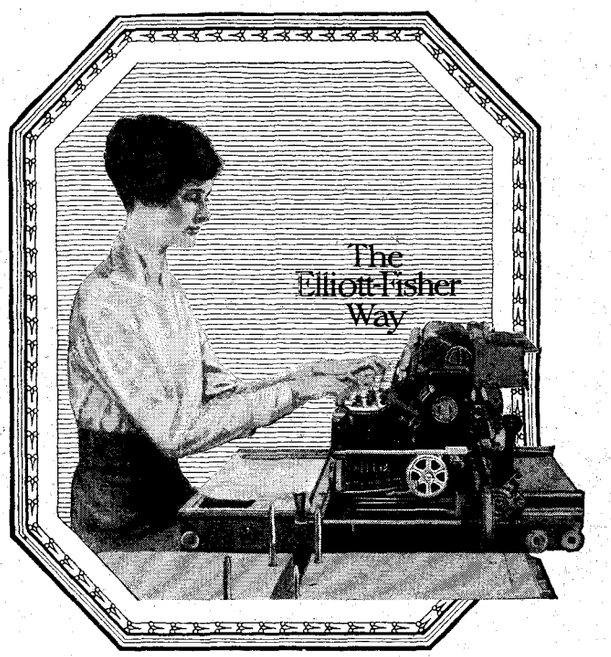
"AS strenuous as a pillow-fight in a boys' dormitory," is the characterization which the London *Times* gives the baseball game played between the United States Army and Navy teams on July 4. It was an awakener for the English, a revelation of America at play; and the afternoon, "crammed full of extraordinary moments," passed "in such a pandemonium as was perhaps never heard before on an English playing-field." The United States seemed to be shouting in chorus, and Great Britain joined in, "a little breathless, but determined to make a good show of lung power." The writer says that the afternoon took them completely away to those distant times when they could rejoice under a blue sky without looking for *Zeppelins* and *Gothas*. The game was played on the Chelsea Football Ground, and, says the writer:

Never, moreover, was a football ground so arrayed. The rather dingy surroundings were shut out by a square mile or two of flags, "Old Glory" and the Union Jack predominating, but the rest of the Allies not being forgotten. The grand stand was gorgeously draped, and the King and Queen went to their seats by a flowery way.

Both for distinction and for enthusiasm the gathering was without precedent in baseball, or rather "the ball-game," as the more knowing among the spectators were careful to call it. Everybody appeared to realize that this was the kind of match that makes history. It was symptomatic and symbolic; for two peoples who have learned to play together are not far from complete understanding.

The King started off the festivities. The Army players, drest in green with blue caps, and the Navy, in blue trimmed with red, assembled before the Royal box, and the King descended among them, shook hands with the captains, and produced a ball on which he had written his name. The game started with this ball, but another was soon substituted, as it was the intention of the Anglo-American Baseball League, which had arranged the match, to save the autographed ball as a memento for President Wilson. The account continues:

The onlookers, who were estimated to number forty or fifty thousand in all, were gently persuaded to encroach no further on the field of play; and the game began. Now, baseball tempts every man to exaggeration. As all London ought to know by this time, it is one of the fastest and most exciting methods of getting breathless ever invented. It calls for great skill, and its rewards are salaries beyond the dreams of avarice. The dignity of cricket it disowns; the tremulous tumult of football is as the recreation of well-mannered mice by comparison to it. The players live on springs, possessing the activity of a high-grade machine. They think by lightning, and field, catch, and throw with the certainty of a stop-watch. As if the chaff of the spectators were not sufficient for them, they chevy one another. The pitcher can grin diabolically, if he be a good



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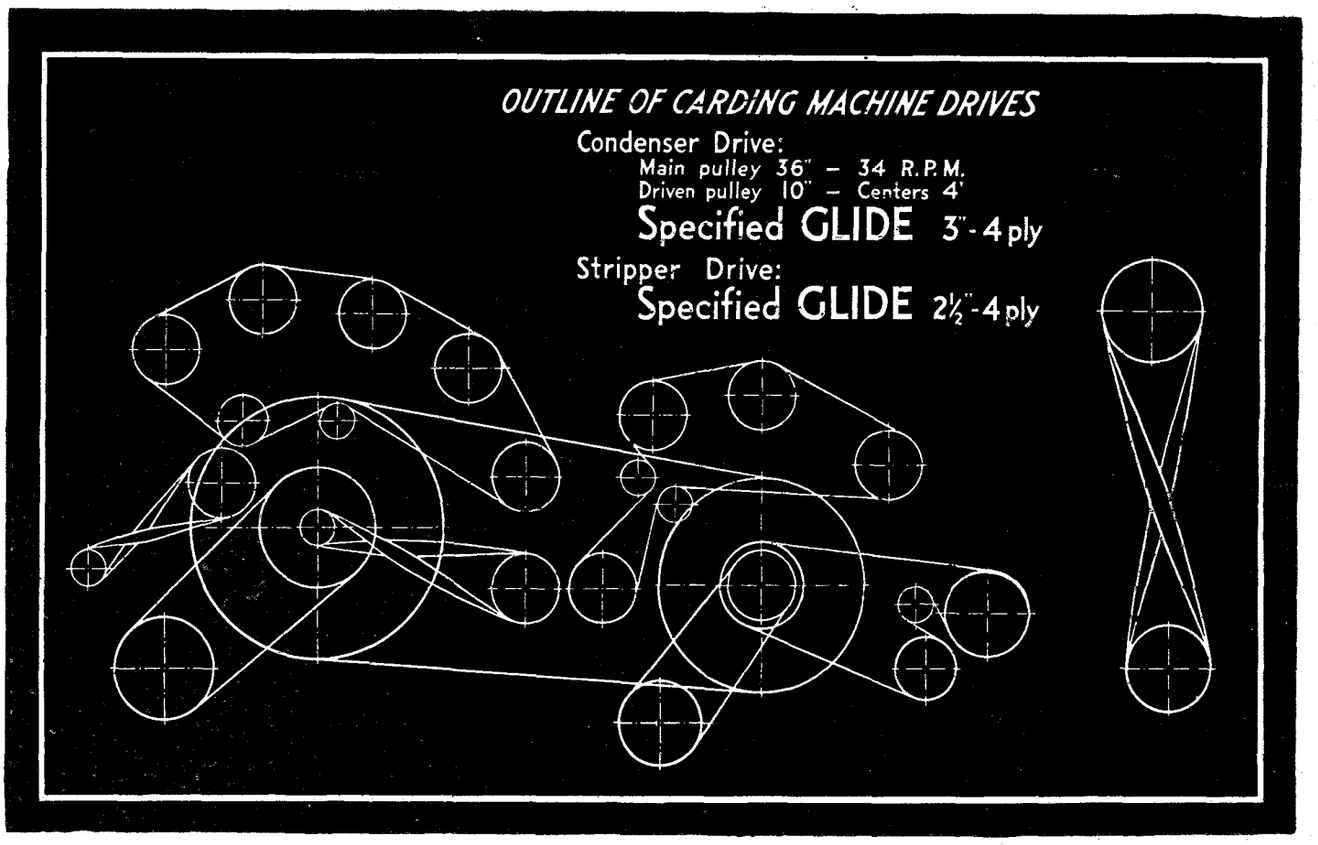
OUTLINE OF CARDING MACHINE DRIVES
Condenser Drive:
Main pulley 36" – 34 R.P.M.
Driven pulley 10" – Centers 4'
Specified GLIDE 3"-4 ply
Stripper Drive:
Specified GLIDE 2½"-4 ply

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Those Carding-Machine Drives and the G. T. M.

It all started with the condenser drive on the carding machine—small, but the most amazing belt-devourer in the mill. After trying cheap belts, the most expensive were bought—both caused trouble and in the long run cost too much. The G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—came, told about the Goodyear plan of plant analysis—of studying each drive and prescribing the proper belt. They put the condenser drive up to him. His service was free, and something had to be done.

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pitcher; and his comrades are thereby reassured and the striker daunted. The catcher is padded like an armchair, and must be able to take punishment with the calm of a prize-fighter.

All these qualities were superbly displayed in this match. We should not care to say which was the better side, because, frankly, we do not know. But the Navy won by two to one, and appeared to deserve its victory. Some of the catches in the long field, or whatever the baseball "fan" calls it, were enough to rouse a Gunn or a Bonner, those past heroes of the pavilion-rails, to emulation. The throwing was as near perfection as the human arm can make it. Those who saw baseball for the first time must have agreed that a first-rate player is worthy of his hire.

Many present yesterday made no secret of their innocence. It may be that the prize for hard work, had one been offered to the whole assembly, would properly have gone to the American officers who strove hard and continuously to explain fine points to their English companions, fair and otherwise. These people, tho often corrected, persisted in describing the pitcher as the "bowler," the catcher as the "wicket-keeper," and the striker as the "batsman." But American chivalry was very patient. It smiled through every mistake, and never once vaunted the ball-game at the expense of cricket. For the credit of England it should be added that the superiority of cricket, when believed in as an article of faith, was most courteously suppressed.

At the end came a moment which, of all the wonderful moments that had characterized it, was the most wonderful. The game had been won for the Navy. The Navy in its own corner of the field had previously packed serried ranks of sailors to shout and demonstrate as soon as the last stroke was made. The crowd surged on to the field. Among them, in single file, their hands on one another's shoulders, like one huge snake, the sailors twined their hilarious path. The uproar was tremendous. Englishmen cheered, Americans yelled, tin instruments of various kinds brayed a raucous din. The King and the Royal party stood looking on. Suddenly, as by magic (whose magic it was did not appear, but it worked), the tumult dropt into silence. Across that silence drifted the soft, almost pathetic, first chords of "The Star-Spangled Banner," played by the band of the Welsh Guards. Hats came off. Sailors and soldiers stood to attention, saluting. After all that noise the quietude, accented by the poignant music, came near being painful. The meaning of this most significant of all ball games was carried along the air. There was more cheering afterward, but cheering of a radically different kind. The crowd awoke to consciousness that the afternoon had passed into the history of two great nations.

A Chelsea veteran in his scarlet coat was in the crowd. Somebody wondered "what he thought of it all." Somebody else said musingly: "I wonder what the Kaiser would think of it all if he could be here." It can not be denied that, superficially, the two great nations were just making an afternoon of it.

With painstaking care *The Times* explains to its readers just what a "rooter" is and to what rites he is addicted:

The "rooters" for three parts of the time were lords of the situation. "Rooters" are the zealots who assemble in companies to howl their respective sides to victory. There were boards at the entrance to the ground directing Army "rooters" to go one way, Navy "rooters" another, and telling them the number of shillings they must pay for their places. It struck one as a small sum before the game began; but when the game had ended those shillings appeared an unjustifiable and impudent tax on the hard work of honest men.

The "rooter" toils with his mouth, to which sometimes he attaches a megaphone. Judging from yesterday, the Army "rooter" is a tame and inarticulate creature compared with him of the Navy, whose voice is that of ocean storms.

The Navy sang like this:

> Give 'em the ax, the ax, the axo.
> Give 'em the ax, the ax, the axo.
> Where? where? where?
> Right in the neck, the neck, the necko.
> Right in the neck, the neck, the necko.
> There! there! there!
> Who gets the ax?
> Army! (*Very loud*).
> Who says so?
> Navy! (*Much louder*).

Then it sang like this:

> One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
> All the Navy goes to heaven.
> When we get there we will yell,
> "Army, Army, go to ——" (groan).

The strain changed, with the words:

> Strawberry shortcake, huckleberry pie,
> Victory!
> Are we in it? Well, I guess!
> Navy, Navy! Yes, yes, yes!

In honor of the King and Queen arose the chorus:

> 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
> 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
> 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
> King George, Queen Mary,
> Great Britain.

No printed page, however, can deal adequately with the merits of the "rooter." He needs music to get justice; something more, or something less, than music.

To faithful American fans, there will be a decided element of humor in the terminology of the English writer when he attempts a technical description of the game:

The Navy batted first, but it was not until the fourth innings that a run was scored. Then Ensign Fuller crossed the home plate through a fine two-base hit by McNally. This success was greeted uproariously by the Navy's "rooters," and when Fuller scored a second run in the sixth innings—making it two-love in their favor—the greetings were redoubled. The pitching and fielding were brilliant, and just when it looked as if the Army would be beaten pointless, Tober made a fine two-base hit in the ninth innings, and as Lafitte followed him with a "two-baser," it took Tober home, and thus the Army registered their single run in their last knock.

The pitching of Pennock, for the Navy, and Lafitte, for the Army, was the feature of the game, and these two players, who are famous in the United States, worthily upheld their reputations. Pennock "struck out" 14 batsmen, and Lafitte allowed only five scattered hits. The scores were:

NAVY—0, 0, 0, 1, 0, 1, 0, 0, 0—2.
ARMY—0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 0, 1—1.

The line-up was as follows:

UNITED STATES NAVY.—Lee (right field), Vannatter (third base), Hayes (second base), McNally (first base), Egan (left field), Fierros (short-stop), Maney (center field), Fuller (catcher), and Pennock (pitcher).

UNITED STATES ARMY.—Maender (left field), Dorn (second base), Blackmoore (short stop), Tober (first base), Lafitte (pitcher), Batholemy (catcher), Rawlings (right field), Dublynn (third base), and Mims (center field).

Official Umpire.—Arlie Latham (formerly of the New York Giants).

Summing the whole situation up, *The Times* is complacent:

Nothing really dimmed the brilliance of yesterday afternoon. Of good play there was plenty, and it was admired by Americans and Englishmen alike. As a spectacle the game and the audience might strive for preeminence. Naval officers rubbed shoulders with Army officers, the uniforms of the United States of America with those of the United Kingdom. Admirals enjoyed themselves with the light-heartedness of A.B.'s, and private soldiers could hardly laugh more delightedly than did generals. The Stars and Stripes was worn or waved by every man, woman, and child; and there could be no doubt whatever that its adoption meant a whole-hearted acceptance of America as a comrade in play and a near relation in the great work that lies before the two big English-speaking families.

WOMEN SAVING SOLDIERS' LIVES AT THE GAS-MASK FACTORY

"I SOMETIMES wake in the middle of the night in a cold perspiration," said a forewoman in the Long Island gas-defense plant, to Miss Elene Foster, of the New York *Tribune* Institute, "for fear that I have passed a mask with a flaw in it. It is a terrible responsibility, but the satisfaction that comes from the knowledge that one is really doing something tangible and important to help the men at the Front more than makes up for the worry." Three thousand women are working eight hours a day making these gas-masks in a big white building just across the Queensboro Bridge in Long Island City, and Miss Foster tells us that they are shining examples of the same spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice that is shown by their husbands and sons and sweethearts in France. In the words of the forewoman:

"I know of no other work that seems to me so vital as this. The girls in the munition-works say that they feel that every bullet that they make is going to kill a German, and that spurs them on to greater effort; but it seems to me that to be able to make a mask that actually saves the life of one of our own boys is far more satisfying. That is the way that most of our workers feel about it, and that is what makes the spirit of this plant so glorious."

And the spirit is glorious, there can be no question about that. The officials have no fear of strikes or labor troubles of any kind. There is no need to goad the employees up to greater effort. Every soul in the plant is working to the best of her ability not only to earn the very liberal wage which the Government pays her, but to do her patriotic duty in helping to win the war.

Six months ago, when the plant was started, there were only twenty-five workers—there are now five thousand men and

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Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

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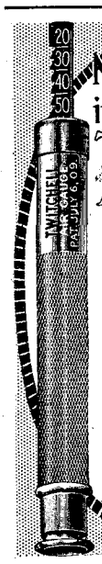

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women. So far as the women are concerned, Miss Foster says that 20 per cent. of them had never worked in any line before:

They were women of leisure who "enlisted" from patriotic reasons. Some, lovely white-haired women, are the mothers of boys at the Front; some are the war-brides of soldiers or sailors anxious to do something to hasten their return. But the great rank and file are women who have always been self-supporting. There are writers and artists and photographers, interior decorators and school-teachers and trained nurses, and there are stenographers and bookkeepers and women who have held responsible positions in department stores and other mercantile concerns. And they are all working together in peace and harmony with the one idea uppermost in their minds to make every gas-mask perfect.

And they all, without exception, love the work. One young woman with whom I talked had been in charge of a dozen or more girls in a large office in Wall Street, where she earned twice the salary which she is receiving for her services at the gas-defense plant.

"I dread the time when I shall be obliged to go back into commercial life," she told me. "This work is so interesting, and the women are so splendid. And there is always something new, some new idea being worked out. If there is ever a dull time the Huns get busy and invent a new kind of gas, and that necessitates a change in the mask and saves the work from becoming monotonous."

My attention was attracted by a woman of distinctly foreign appearance who was so engrossed with her work that she scarcely raised her eyes from it. She was decidedly chic, with beautifully cut clothes and carefully coiffed hair. I inquired about her of my guide and learned that she was a Belgian refugee with a tragic history.

Her husband was the "rich man" of the little town in which she lived. He owned the factory, and the greater part of the townspeople were employed by him. When the Germans invaded the town this man refused to obey their commands, and for this he was put up against the fence and shot before the eyes of his wife. Not content with this, the invaders seized the sixteen-year-old daughter, and the mother has had no word from her since. For three years she searched for her in vain and then finally gave up all hope of ever finding her and came to America, where she secured employment in the gas-defense plant.

"She has only just learned to smile again," the forewoman in charge told me, "and yesterday she surprized us all by actually laughing out loud. She rarely spoke when she first came here. I believe the work has saved her reason."

This big white building "is quite unlike any factory that you have ever seen," and the writer tells us what happens to the visitor and what she sees:

There isn't an atom of the usual factory atmosphere about it. You feel the difference the moment that you enter the outer door and the farther you penetrate into its various departments—that is, providing you are fortunate enough to be allowed beyond the waiting-room at the entrance—the more you are imprest with the fact that this is no ordinary manufacturing concern.

It is a government plant, operated by

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the War Department and under military discipline. Some of the officials and many of the male employees are in khaki. Visitors are not desired, for obvious reasons, and it is no easy matter to pass beyond the relentless young woman whose business it is to inquire into the innermost secrets of one's soul before granting permission to any stranger to pass within the sacred portals. After this inquisition is over one signs her name in a book and is given a pasteboard disk, which she attaches to her person in a conspicuous place, where it serves as a silent reply to the questioning glances with which every employee in that vast establishment greets the appearance of a stranger. These employees, by the way, from the highest official to the humblest office boy, are each adorned with a metal disk bearing their photograph and official number for purposes of identification.

The preliminaries being over, a khaki-clad young man volunteers to act as guide and the journey begins. And it is a journey, indeed, through room after room on floor after floor, where long rows of women are seated at long tables busily engaged in working on gas-masks in all the various stages of manufacture. The mask passes through thirty processes before its completion, and all but two of these processes are carried on by women. The two exceptions are the cementing of the rubber, which is done with the fingers by men who have had long experience in raincoat factories, and the filling of the cans with the chemicals through which the wearer of the mask is to breathe. With the exception of these two processes every bit of the work that goes into the making of a gas-mask is done by women, from the time it arrives in embryo, a flat circular piece of rubber, until it goes into the shipping-room, the finished product with all its paraphernalia of tubes and can and khaki overcoat, ready for its long journey of mercy across the seas.

The making of a gas-mask is a very delicate matter, and a great responsibility rests on the workers, for the tiniest leak or the smallest imperfection in the rubber may result in the death of one of our soldiers. The officials of the gas-defense plant fully realize this and they endeavor to avoid any such catastrophe by an extraordinarily thorough system of inspection. Whereas in the ordinary manufacturing plant the number of inspectors is but a small percentage of the employees, in the gas-defense plant not only is there a large corps of women whose sole duty it is to inspect the masks in the various stages of their manufacture, but every last worker is a self-appointed inspector as well.

Each part, no matter how minute or seemingly unimportant, is carefully examined before it is sent to the worker, and each worker examines it before she adds it to the unfinished mask. After it is adjusted she inspects the mask very carefully before she passes it on to the table where the next process is carried on. The forewomen of the various tables, too, keep a sharp lookout for imperfections. After the mask is entirely completed it is taken to one of a row of little dark closets, which look exactly like a photographer's dark room, for final inspection. This is performed under a powerful electric light by women who have been chosen for this purpose because of their exceptionally good eyesight.

With all this care there doesn't seem to be a chance in a million that an imperfect gas-mask could be shipped from that factory. Nevertheless, the conscientious

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woman worker is often haunted by the possibility that she may have overlooked some slight flaw that will mean disaster to the soldier.

It is extremely interesting to note the care taken by the Government to conserve the nerves and strength of these women workers, and to make their periods of rest a real relaxation and pleasure. Says the writer:

The hours are from 8 in the morning until 5:30 in the afternoon, with three-quarters of an hour for lunch and rest-periods between times. These vary in the different departments; in the rooms where the tension is greatest a five-minute respite is given every hour to rest the tired eyes and nerves, but in the other departments fifteen minutes is given in the middle of both the morning and afternoon.

The factory is sanitary in every respect and extremely comfortable. The rooms are high-ceilinged and well ventilated and the walls are lined with huge windows which give a plentiful supply of light and air.

Each table of workers is presided over by a forewoman, who is usually chosen from the ranks by reason of her intelligence and good judgment. As the gas-defense plant is only six months old none of the workers is very old in experience.

Everything that is possible is done to add to the comfort of the women employees. A staff of welfare workers under the supervision of a delightful motherly woman is on duty in the rest-room, where the girls spend the few minutes that are left of their lunch hour after they come from the cafeteria. It is a lovely, homelike place, with bright chintz hangings and flowers, comfortable easy chairs and couches, and a piano which is seldom silent during the noon hours. A staff of two doctors and five nurses are always within call in case of illness.

In one corner of the rest-room is a table piled high with skeins of wool and finished knitted garments, presided over by a woman who is an expert knitter and who is here to teach those who are ignorant of such matters the proper manner of turning the heel of a sock, or of starting the sleeve of a sweater.

From the wall above the table the photograph of a handsome young fellow in the uniform of the flying corps smiles down on the little mother who is turning her talents to such good account. A collection is taken up periodically to buy wool for the girls who are willing to devote their few spare minutes at noon to knitting for the men in the service.

Often entertainments of recitations and songs are given the girls in the rest-room during the noon hour, and sometimes a famous speaker will lecture to them for ten or fifteen minutes on subjects of interest.

All in all, it seems to me that there are lots of worse fates than being a worker in the gas-defense plant. Granted that the work is confining and that it keeps one on the *qui vive* every minute, the compensations must surely more than counterbalance any hardships, for not only must one feel the satisfaction that comes from the knowledge of any sort of work well done, but the added exhilaration of knowing that one is doing something that is of vital importance to those men in the trenches. In short, there is the heartening consciousness that one is a member, in good and regular standing, of that mighty army of workers, "The Women Behind."

GERMANY'S WASHABLE WOODEN CLOTHES

FOR some little time a rather singular exposition has been making the rounds of the principal towns in Germany. The object is to display to as many persons as possible the availability of materials made from cellulose as a substitute for cotton and wool for clothing and other uses. In an interesting article, the *Kölnische Zeitung* describes the materials exhibited, gives a hint of the processes, and casts a glance into the future of the industry which has been developed along these lines. It calls attention to the fact that alongside of the need for food is the need for clothing, fully as urgent and as difficult to meet. It congratulates the German nation, however, upon the victory which has been attained by "German science, technique, and industry" along the latter lines, tho it finds it lamentable that most of the users of such material come to it with suspicion, and, indeed, for the most part disdain it altogether. They do this on the ground that it won't wash, and unfortunately that objection has been well founded. But indomitable will, by the aid of science, has grappled with the problem of washableness and durability and, it is asserted, has solved it. The exposition goes under the name of "The German Exposition of Fibrous Material," and the *Kölnische Zeitung* says:

The cloth made out of cellulose, which has come into use more and more as a substitute for cotton materials, has so far left a good deal to be desired in the qualities of suppleness, flexibility, and durability. Some time ago the hope was that through working over with certain chemical solvents the cloth woven out of this material could be made more waterproof. But this method has not in general come to a satisfactory end, and so investigators have come significantly nearer the purpose by another method, namely, by making the so-called "paper-yarn" washable by means of very close twisting and a high pressure.

By the mixing of yarns and a tighter twisting, a material has been produced which is waterproof, submits better than any other substitute material to laundering processes, and yet remains flexible and porous and suitable for all purposes in which frequent washing is necessary. So that the cellulose yarn, which under this process of a tighter twist comes to be known as paper yarn, is shown in the exposition to be a material suitable for the purposes named, and it is the last step in the noted progress which we have been making in the production of substitute material for clothing and other wares which have to submit to cleansing by water.

The paper thus proceeds to describe one of the fundamental products, which has become known as "cellulose yarn":

The cellulose which is obtained from coniferous trees is transformed into paper, the paper is cut into strips, and these strips are then spun. The difficult point in the change of the cellulose yarn lies in the mixing in of other fibrous materials, in other words, in the mixing of the weave. This difficulty has been overcome, and the waste from other fibrous materials like cotton and flax is introduced to make a thread in the manufacture of the yarn, and it is this process which produces a material which through its greater coherence, combined with flexibility, excels the material that is made out of pure cellulose. In the exposition are shown mixed weaves which contain a measure of "artificial wool." This mixture, especially for clothing, will doubtless become significant in leading the way to the breaking of our former dependence upon imported fibrous raw materials, especially when we are once again able to use a larger proportion of cotton in the mixture.

The manufacture of the so-called paper yarn is not due in the first place to the war. Long before the war broke out, rugs, runners, curtains, wall-hangings, and especially sacking were made out of cellulose yarn. But the need produced by the war brought about the astounding fulness of possibilities for the development and transformation of cellulose fiber. Indeed, we have already succeeded in spinning cellulose, which has a very short fiber, without changing it into paper. It is hardly necessary to point out how significant is the discovery of the use of cellulose for such purposes as sacking, roofing, binding, and for the materials for making pockets and the like. . . . . .

While, then, cellulose is the outstanding substitute material exhibited, it is by no means the only thing which comes to notice. A very important substitute for cotton is derived from nettles, and here one can see what a tremendous advance has been made during the war in the industry of making nettle fiber. Other substitute material rich in quantity has been found in rush, broom, and turf. In the department of the exposition devoted to the turf fabrics there are to be seen articles of apparel for men which are made out of 25 per cent. turf fiber and 75 per cent. artificial wool. But even more important and immediate are the two indigenous fibrous growths of flax and hemp. The cultivation of flax during the war has grown significantly. Indeed, one of the purposes of the exposition is to teach agriculturists the importance of the development of flax culture.

The article concludes with a little sermon and some very grave questions, the questions themselves being repetitions which are heard now from a good many sources. The sermon is to the effect that in the difficult situation in which the Germans now find themselves through the lack of material, they should avoid false shame and make use of this substitute material in behalf of the common good. Some of the questions which are asked are:

What will be the fate of the widely developed textile industry, and what will be the relation to that of the manufacture of these same substitute fibrous manufactures? How will these related industries and the body of labor concerned in them fare after the war? Shall we be successful in making ourselves independent of imports in this particular class of materials? Shall we have in our firm possession colonies which will send us cotton in great abundance? Will the new substitute material industries so develop that after the war we shall be able to export the products to foreign lands? If so, will not these very successes be pregnant with

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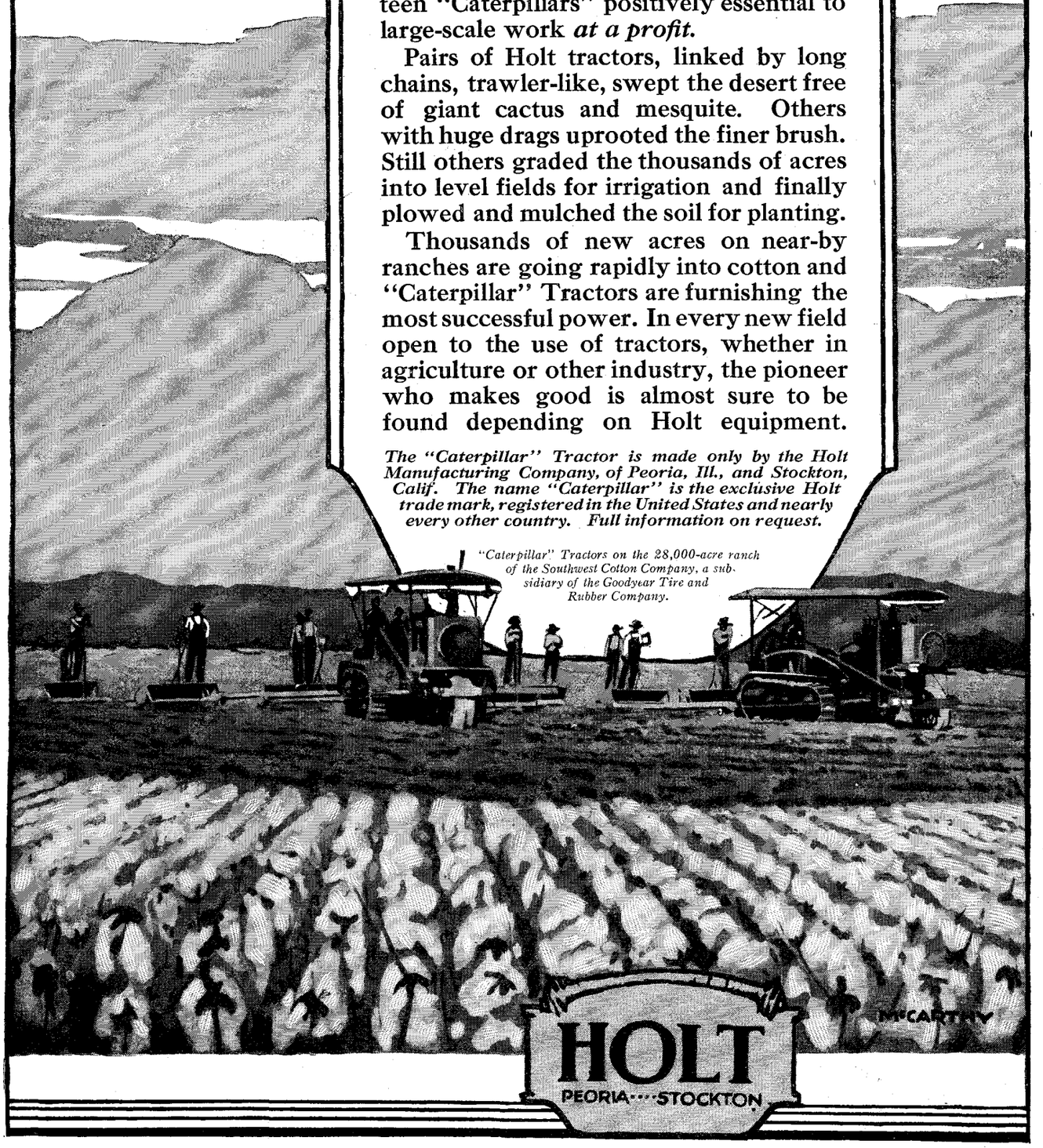
"CATERPILLAR"
TRACTORS REG.U.S.PAT.OFF.

"CATERPILLAR" Tractors are blazing the trail in Arizona to a long-fiber cotton industry rivalling that of Egypt or the southern sea islands. From clearing the desert to making ready for the crop, the Goodyear Ranch has found its fourteen "Caterpillars" positively essential to large-scale work *at a profit.*

Pairs of Holt tractors, linked by long chains, trawler-like, swept the desert free of giant cactus and mesquite. Others with huge drags uprooted the finer brush. Still others graded the thousands of acres into level fields for irrigation and finally plowed and mulched the soil for planting.

Thousands of new acres on near-by ranches are going rapidly into cotton and "Caterpillar" Tractors are furnishing the most successful power. In every new field open to the use of tractors, whether in agriculture or other industry, the pioneer who makes good is almost sure to be found depending on Holt equipment.

The "Caterpillar" Tractor is made only by the Holt Manufacturing Company, of Peoria, Ill., and Stockton, Calif. The name "Caterpillar" is the exclusive Holt trade mark, registered in the United States and nearly every other country. Full information on request.



"Caterpillar" Tractors on the 28,000-acre ranch of the Southwest Cotton Company, a subsidiary of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

HOLT
PEORIA····STOCKTON

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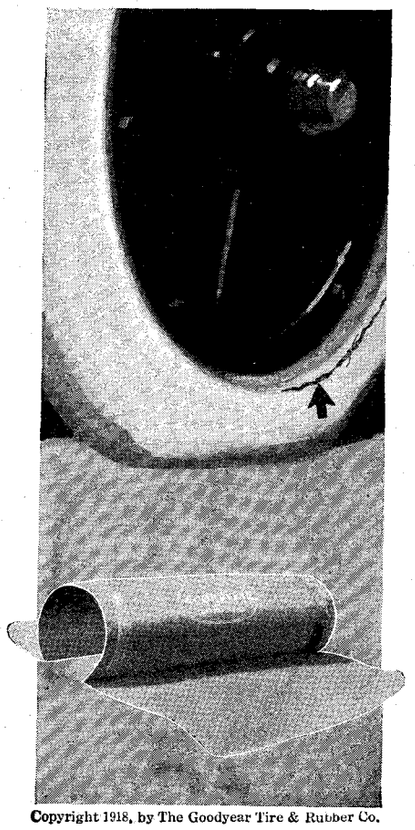

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

There's Many a Ride Left in That Rim-Cut Tire

Put a Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch inside it and keep it in service

MANY a tire that has been discarded by the owner because of a fabric break, rim-cut or blow-out, can be kept in service by means of the Goodyear Rim-Cut Patch. This patch is of multiple-fabric heavily reinforced construction, designed for application on the inside of the tire, and made with flaps which fit underneath the bead of the tire on both sides to hold the patch in place. It is flexible and enduring, and once applied is out of sight and mind. It is a most effective means of increasing tire mileage, and of keeping your tire costs down. Remember the last thousand miles are the cheapest.

The Goodyear Tire Saver Kit is an assortment of the most needed tire accessories handily arranged in a compact package. Your car ought to carry one.

GOODYEAR AKRON TIRE SAVERS

evil for the continued existence of our woods? And the article winds up with a commendation to the serious attention of the Fatherland of the weighty problems involved in these queries.

CHÂTEAU THIERRY NOW HAS A PLACE IN AMERICAN HISTORY

RUDELY roused by the clangor of war, old French towns and villages have awakened from the peaceful slumber of centuries to play their parts once again in the strife of the world, and to receive fresh wounds where time had softened the scars of long-forgotten battles.

Ancient towns that loomed large in the wars of long ago, and with the passing years had withdrawn behind a curtain of peaceful obscurity, have sprung into the light of the world again to take their place in the events of to-day that are binding France and America still closer in the pages of history.

Château Thierry, where the German armies in their drive for Paris first met the resistance of the American troops, stands out prominently among these old French towns that have been engulfed in the maelstrom of the world-war. Of its stirring history, dimmed by the passing years, a writer in *The Stars and Stripes* says:

Château Thierry is a little town on a hill. Past its foot flow the slow, untroubled waters of the Marne. From the gray-stone, red-tiled outskirts on the other side of the river you cross a three-arched bridge of stone to mount by winding paths to where the ancient church lifts its sixteenth-century belfry to the heavens. House by house and street by street, the town has grown up through the centuries around a squat, deep-dungeoned château. Of this château only two vine-hung gates and the fragments of a thick-set wall are left to tell the story of many a bitter siege.

The château was built in 720 by Charles Martel, the great "hammer" of the Franks and grandfather of the still greater Charlemagne—the same Charles Martel who saved Europe for Christendom when, twelve years later, he met and vanquished the turbaned hosts of the all-conquering Saracens in the battle of Poitiers. Little remains of the castle itself, but you can still see the base of the tower where one of his feeble successors, Charles the Simple, was held a prisoner.

When in the early days of June, 1918, men once more fought hand to hand in the narrow streets of Château Thierry and the thunder of the guns stirred ancient echoes in the crumbling ruins of the castle, history was but repeating itself. The river valleys, converging upon the plain of Paris and finding there a barrier of hills, have ever turned that basin into the final battle-field of an invasion with the capital as the goal. That is why around Château Thierry, reared like a stubborn bastion on the rim of that basin, the soldiers of many a forgotten cause have fought and died. It has always blocked the path to Paris.

Now held as a watch-tower by the dukes of France, now as an outpost by the courts of Champagne, the castle changed hands again and again through the early centuries.

English archers took and held it in 1421, toward the close of the weary Hundred Years' War between England and France, the interminable war which finally brought Joan of Arc up out of the fields of Lorraine to lead the armies of the King, and which, at the end, lost to the English crown all its rich French jewels save only Calais.

In the first half of the sixteenth century, while adventurers on the other side of the Atlantic were exploring with fear and wonder the mysteries of the wilderness known as America, the Old World shook with the trampling armies of Francis I., King of France, and his enemy, the mighty Charles V., Emperor of Germany, who had made a pact with England for his undoing.

Then—and not for the last time—the dwellers along the Marne saw an army of Germans march upon Paris. For, leading his troops through Champagne, Charles prest his invasion to within twenty-four leagues of the capital, and in that invasion the Germans took Château Thierry.

A half-century later, the Spaniards sacked it in the course of the terrible wars of religion, when Catholics and Huguenots fought such bitter battles for the control of France that, in the course of thirty years, a million Frenchmen perished. Spanish troops entered France as allies of the Catholics. Those were the days when a Spanish garrison held Paris, nor, for all his sieges, could the Protestant chieftain, Henry of Navarre, enter its gates till he had marched through crowds of joyous people to the church of Saint-Denis and there, in the presence of the prelates, asked to be received "into the pale of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church."

At Château Thierry Napoleon, with an army of 20,000 young conscripts, smashed an army of 50,000, representing the alliance of England, Prussia, the German states, Spain, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, and Austria. It was in February that the little Emperor made this final stand against crushing odds. In March his enemies entered Paris, and in a few weeks Napoleon was on his way to Elba. This was in 1814. One hundred years later the scarred walls of Château Thierry saw the German Triple Alliance in retreat before the armies of the Entente Allies. Says the writer in *The Stars and Stripes:*

Visiting Château Thierry in the spring of this year, you would have found a town set in a fair and peaceful countryside, proud of its sheep-crowded pasturage and rich in its vines and cherry-trees—a little town of 7,000 people, no larger than Rochester, Minn., or Red Bank, N. J.

And this town is a shrine for French pilgrims, not because of the battles fought in its streets, but because it was the home of the master of fables, La Fontaine.

The French of all ranks and ages love their poet of Château Thierry. When in the early stages of the Revolution the infuriated mob in Paris gave themselves over to the September massacres of bloody memory, and thousands of prisoners were butchered, one woman was spared for no other reason than because she was the granddaughter of La Fontaine. French children hear his fables in the nursery and know them by heart. Their fathers and mothers find summed up in them all their philosophy of life.

It was at Château Thierry that La Fontaine was Master of the Waters and the Forests. It was there he made friends with the wandering dog, the toiling ant, the

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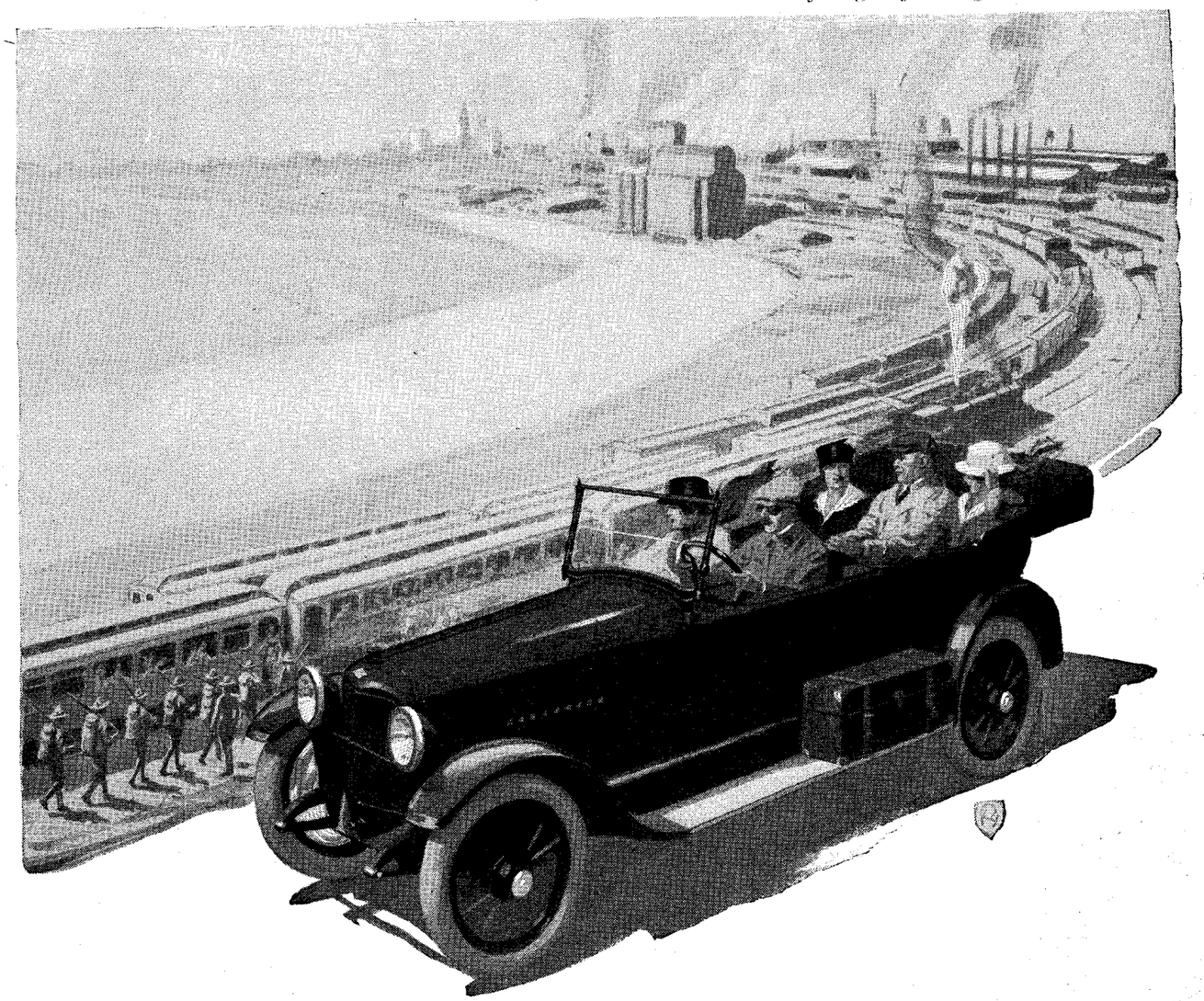

PAIGE

The Most Beautiful Car in America

A Message to 50,000 Paige Owners

This summer it is your duty to "stay off the railroads," for the good and sufficient reason that Uncle Sam needs them. Stick to the highways for both long and short trips—plan an automobile vacation. Do this and you will release a vast amount of equipment for the movement of troops and supplies.

Remember that you are a better business man—a more helpful citizen—because you own a Paige car. Use that car morning, noon and night. Call upon its speed and power to meet the demands of these tremendously active days.

Depend upon it *absolutely*—because it's a Paige.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

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Noted General Pays Tribute to Tobacco

Larus & Brother Company,
Richmond, Va.

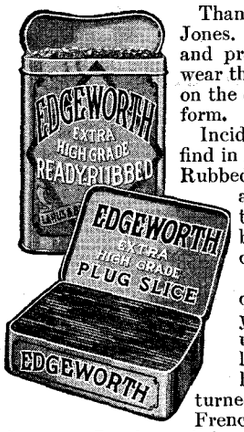
Gentlemen:

All my life I have heard that smoking was unhealthy until I read an article on Military Leadership and Training written by a high Army Officer.

This Officer said: "If you don't smoke a pipe, learn, and teach your men to smoke a pipe; it quiets the nerves wonderfully, and gives one steadiness that is so necessary for a military man."

The next time I went to town I went to Primm's Tobacco shop and asked for a real pipe tobacco, and they gave me a tin of Edgeworth Plug Slice. Gentlemen, it is sure there with the nerve-quieting, satisfying qualities. I have not tried Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed yet, but it has got to go some to equal the Plug Slice.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) S. W. JONES,
1st Lieut. Inf. R. C.



Thank you, Lieutenant Jones. May you live long and prosper and come to wear the five-pointed star on the collar of your uniform.

Incidentally you will find in Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed the same quality as in Plug Slice—the only difference being in the form it comes to you.

The suggestion of the Army Officer you quote interested us so much that we looked up the rest of his advice. He turned out to be an old French cavalry officer, Gen. de Brock, and he had the following further advice for his officers:

"Every trooper should be encouraged to smoke a pipe. Why, because it will keep him awake. The pipe is a means of diversion which, far from interfering with the trooper's performing his duty, attaches him to it and renders it less burdensome. It soothes him, kills time, banishes unpleasant thoughts, and keeps the trooper in bivouac and near his horse.

"In a campaign, where men's resources are so limited, there is nothing so trifling as to be devoid of value. The pipe is a medium of exchange, of pleasure and of duty in the fraternal associations of our military life; in certain cases, when loaned, it becomes a veritable means of relieving distress."

We will wager General de Brock was beloved by his officers and troopers, besides being recognized as an authority on things military.

Have a sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed on us. Edgeworth doesn't suit every pipe smoker, but so many pipe "cranks" and pipe "fans" have come to it as "the thing" after years of searching that we're willing to chance it suiting you.

Edgeworth is sold in convenient sizes to suit all purchasers. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in pocket-size package is 15c. Other sizes, 30c and 65c. The 16-ounce tin humidor is $1.25, 16-ounce glass jar $1.30. Edgeworth Plug Slice is 15c, 30c, 65c and $1.20. For free samples, write to Larus & Brother Company, 5 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of the Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed by prepaid parcel post at same price you would pay jobber.

mounting lark—all the animals of the countryside who move in his fables. It was there he wrote, "The Wolves and the Ewe," of which the moral is the motto of his people in this year of trial:

"We can conclude from this that one must war continually with the wicked. Peace is all very well in itself, I admit, but of what use is it with enemies who are faithless?"

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

LIEUT. LELAND E. DOUTHIT, of Dallas, Texas, is a member of the 55th Co., 5th Regiment, United States Marine Corps. He is not yet twenty years of age, but he has been "over the top" six times. In the last engagement he was wounded and promoted to the rank of sergeant. In a letter, which is printed in the Dallas *Journal*, he writes to his mother:

I want you to be brave, little mother, like you have been all through the long days that have passed since I saw your sweet face last. You must be proud of me and forget the ugly side of this war, since God has been very good to me, and I am proud to say that I have bled for my country.

You saw in the papers of a certain date how the marines distinguished themselves against the enemy, yet in our recklessness we paid the price that both sides must pay. Tho outnumbered, we made the *Boche* retreat with great losses.

I am now in an American hospital, surrounded by American doctors and nurses, and receiving the very best attention. I was wounded early in the morning of June 7 while in action against the retreating Huns, after six days of hard fighting.

My wound is not dangerous, so I hope to be back with my company before many weeks. I am happy. The doctor says I am doing fine, so what more could I ask for? I surely have an iron constitution, since the only fever I have had was the first day I was wounded.

I hear that all the marines are to be decorated for valor. If we did anything more than any other red-blooded American would have done under the circumstances, I don't believe we did; yet, in the many hard-fought battles to come between American and Hun, they, the Americans, can all use the marines' battlecry, "We shall never retreat."

Tell the sister and brother that I am thinking about them now, that I have plenty of time to think about you all. When I went "over the top" I was so busy killing *Boche* I didn't have time to think about anything else.

Ralph Swarting, who is a Lieutenant of Company A, 102 Machine-Gun Battalion, writes of the spiritual effect of the war on "the boys over there." Lieutenant Swarting is a member of the Kingshighway Presbyterian Church, of St. Louis, and was for years identified with the Sunday-school. In a letter, which is printed by the Church, the Lieutenant writes:

No doubt you have seen boys—many boys—leave their homes and habits and put on our uniform. And also you have seen many of those same boys after a few months of training. Judge for yourself as to whether or not they are physically better men. But now comes the question as to their spiritual welfare and, above all, what effect the "honors" of war and sudden death will have upon them.

I have seen them—hundreds and thousands of them—in their rest billets, before they went into the line, during battles, and, above all, after they came out of the line. And oh, how proud I am to be an American. For these men have "been there," and have looked death in the face and have seen what a little thing it is. All those conceits and selfish desires of men who dwell with men in our vaunted civilization come to be little things out here. Everything is so different—so big—that the little things just slip out of sight.

This war is not turning out hardened young men who can look upon suffering and misery unmoved. I have seen acts of gentleness and self-sacrifice over here that were even above that accredited to women, the most gentle and sweetest of God's creatures. I have seen men who, in civilian life, would have refused a crust to the beggar on the street, give their emergency ration to a total stranger. One of my own men, after fighting fourteen hours, worked as a volunteer stretcher-bearer for eight hours, making trip after trip across a field that was being torn up with shell-fire. And all this time he was helping to carry out men whom he had never seen before. And these are the men who are coming home, big in faith, washed of the sordidness and smallness of life, strong in body and with a great love for God and their country.

Just the other day a Company Commander was speaking to me about his company. Out of 250 men there were at the time the company was organized 100 who were Poles, some of whom could hardly speak English. But these men will not come back as Poles, but as Americans, and good loyal Americans at that. For when a man goes forth among Americans to fight for America, it is a certain thing that out in "No Man's Land," he is going to have born in him a love for that country that shall stand as the Rock of Ages. . . . . .

After being in the trenches for almost two months, the men were relieved for a well-earned rest. They were marched over the roads for five days, back to their rest area, and after just one-half day of rest we received a Special Order calling the outfit back into the line once more. So at noon we went on to the road again in a heavy and cold rain. This was the day before Easter. We arrived at our first stop (for the night) at about nine o'clock, and found that there were not enough billets for the men. After the animals had been cared for and the guns cleaned and dried, the men had their meal and were told to turn in and sleep as late as they wished, for we were not to hit the road again till next afternoon. However, I was awakened by the guard about 3:30 in the morning with an order from the Colonel requiring our train to be started at seven o'clock. We had the men turned out of bed at 4 A.M., the animals cleaned, fed, and watered, and the gun-carriages and caissons loaded and off over the road about seven. Just about this time "mess call" and the church-bells began to sound. Presently men began to straggle up to me by ones and twos, asking permission to miss their breakfast and go to church. I issued a general notice that any of them who wished to might go to church, but that it would mean that they would have to do without their mess. Over two-thirds of the company went to church.

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INFORMATION ITEM

The fact that Electric Arc Welding repaired, and has made usable, the German ships maliciously damaged at the outbreak of the War has been previously announced in these pages.

But the name of the apparatus which was employed by the Engineers in charge of the work was not mentioned in the advertisement.

The Wilson Electric Arc Welding System

USED WITH

Wilson Specially Prepared Welding Metals

was in every case successful in repairing the cylinders and other metal parts of the following vessels.

Formerly	*Now*
THE VATERLAND	THE LEVIATHAN
GEORGE WASHINGTON	GEORGE WASHINGTON
KAISER WILHELM II.	AGAMEMNON
KRONPRINZESSIN CECILIE	MOUNT VERNON
FRIEDRICH DER GROSSE	HURON
PRINCESS IRENE	POCAHONTAS
GROSSER KURFURST	AEOLUS
KONIG WILHELM II.	MADAWASKA
PRESIDENT GRANT	PRESIDENT GRANT
PRESIDENT LINCOLN	PRESIDENT LINCOLN
BARBAROSSA	MERCURY
ARMENIA	ARMENIA
MARTHA WASHINGTON	MARTHA WASHINGTON
PENNSYLVANIA	NANSEMOND
NASSOVIA	ISONOMIA
PISA	ASCUTNEY
CINCINNATI	COVINGTON
AMERIKA	AMERICA
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WILSON WELDER & METALS COMPANY, Inc.

2 Rector Street, New York, N. Y.

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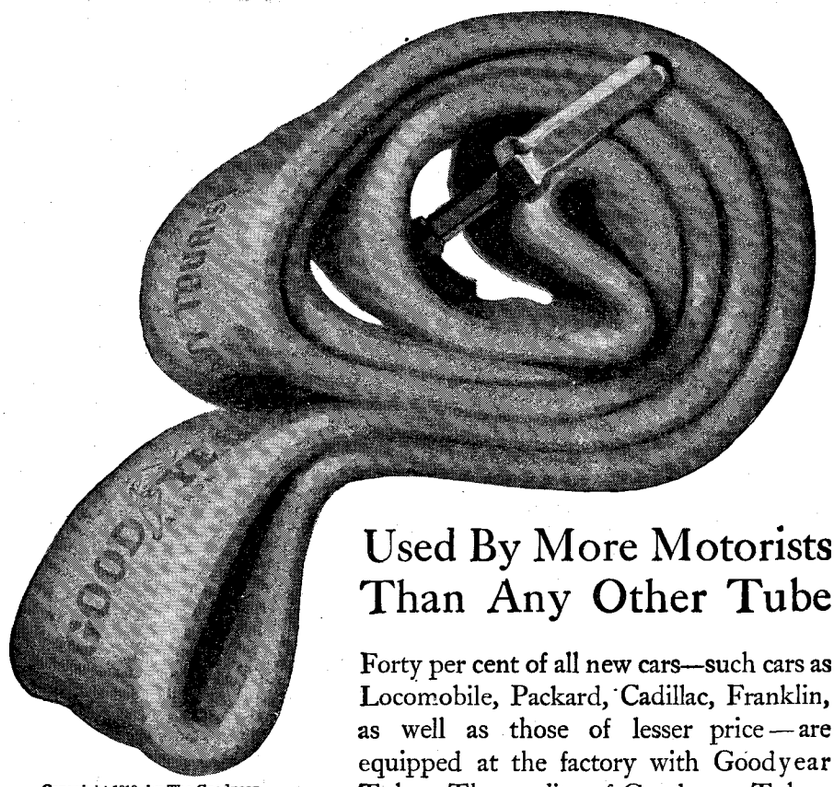

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Used By More Motorists Than Any Other Tube

Forty per cent of all new cars—such cars as Locomobile, Packard, Cadillac, Franklin, as well as those of lesser price—are equipped at the factory with Goodyear Tubes. The quality of Goodyear Tubes, and their unmatched efficiency in service, have made them the largest selling brand in the world.

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IDEAS WANTED They bring Wealth if Patented. Send postal for Needed Inventions, List of Patent Buyers and Guide Book. Tells How to Secure Patent through our Credit Plan. RANDOLPH CO., Dept. 171, Washington, D. C.

Don't Breathe Dust
Tiny Nasal Filter aids breathing. Useful for HAY FEVER, Catarrh and Asthma. *50c postpaid.*
NASAL FILTER CO., St. Paul, Minn.

Leading oil producers use Art Metal

HERE are just a few of the leaders of the oil industry—there are more than 40 others—using ART METAL:

Standard Oil Co.
Prairie Oil & Gas Co.
Vacuum Oil Co.
Kentucky Petroleum Producing Co.
Mexican Petroleum Co.
Sinclair Refining Co.
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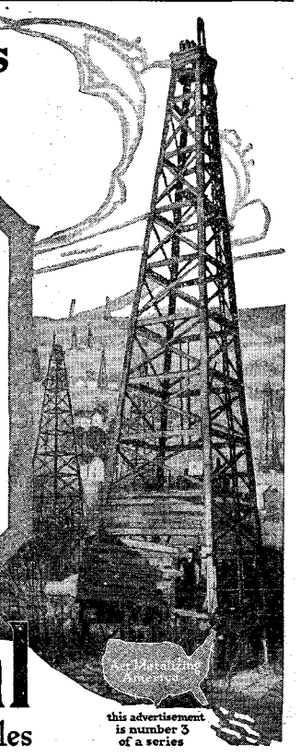
ART METAL CONSTRUCTION CO.
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK
Originators of Steel Equipment · Founded 1887



Art Metal
Steel Office Furniture, Safes and Files

DECLINES TITLES AND ESTATES FOR "UPLIFT WORK" IN AMERICA

ALTHO George Alexander Philips Haldane-Duncan has inherited an earldom, a viscountship, and a barony by the death of his brother, the Earl of Camperdown, he will wear none of the titles nor accept the estates that go with them in England and Scotland, preferring to remain plain Mr. Duncan, of Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

Of course there is no way for Mr. Duncan to avoid being the Earl in fact, but, he says: "Long ago I decided not to accept the property if my brother died before I did. You see, I am seventy-three years old, and if I took charge of the estates I would manage them for but a few years at the most." Says a writer in the New York *Evening Sun:*

The value of these properties is very large, but Mr. Duncan did not see fit to voice an estimate. The change will be made with little disturbance, he said, in the way he has directed; much less than if he took the affairs over himself.

Mr. Duncan does not pose as a benefactor because of what he has done. Indeed, there is no "pose" in his nature. He admits that by the refusal he is making the way clear to follow his own interests and activities. These are principally the charity works in which he is engaged in Boston and which are valued highly in the community.

Yet there was still another reason for the refusal. Mr. Duncan did not wish to leave America and take up residence in England. He has lived in America thirty years and he admits the many ties that have grown up in this period are such as he does not wish to sever.

Mr. Duncan wears his seventy-three years well. His looks and manner speak clearly that he is a gentleman of distinction. He is of amiable disposition, sympathetic to the troubles and worries of the poor and handicapped, yet of keen, even brilliant, mentality.

He is an engineer by profession and for a number of years was the active head of one of London's largest concerns, employing about 15,000 hands.

The peerage of Camperdown was created in 1797. Admiral Adam Duncan was then made a baron and viscount for his victory over the Dutch Fleet off the Netherlands village of Camperdown. Two of the seats of the estate are at Camperdown in the old Scottish burg of Dundee and at Gleneagles, Auchterarder, Perthshire. The English seat is at Shipston-on-Stour. The late Earl succeeded his father in 1867. In 1868 he was appointed Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria and in 1870 became Civil Lord of the Admiralty, serving four years.

By his refusal to accept the title and estates which are justly his, Mr. Duncan further delines the honor of occupying a seat in the English House of Lords.

While Mr. Duncan may decline to make use of the titles, which are a part of the honors bestowed upon his family, he is not relieved by British law of his status as an earl, or of the obligations pertaining to the peerage.

It is possible for a commoner to refuse elevation to the House of Lords if a new peerage is offered to him by the Crown,

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and the number of coronets that have thus been declined is much greater than is generally known. F. Cunliffe Owen, writing in *The Sun* on this subject, says:

Many refuse the honor on account of the vastly increased expense involved by the fitting maintenance of the dignity. Sir Mortimer Durand, some time Ambassador at Washington, was a case in point. The late Sir Edward Malet, scion of a house that figures in Domesday Book, and the founder of which, William Malet, was connected by marriage with William the Conqueror, declined a peerage on his retirement from the post of Ambassador at Berlin because it would have entailed a loss of precedence to his wife, Lady Ermintrude Malet, to whom he was deeply attached.

He was a baronet, that is to say, a commoner. As the wife of a commoner she did not descend to his level, but enjoyed the precedence of the daughter of a duke, her father being the late Duke of Bedford. As such she had the *pas* of countesses, that is to say, the wives of earls, of viscountesses, and of the better halves of the barons. In fact, she ranked immediately after the marchionesses. Had her husband accepted the offer of a peerage in the form of a barony that was tendered to him she would have become a peeress of the realm and entitled to the prerogatives of a peeress, but would have been compelled to take her place at the very tail-end of the baronesses, and would have been outranked by the wife of every baron the creation of whose peerage antedated that of her own husband.

There are also men who prefer to be at the head of the ancient blue-blooded but untitled aristocracy of Great Britain to having a place at the fag-end of the roster of peers and their oft historic name obscured by some mushroom title.

Finally, there are men who decline peerages because they fear that it would affect either their independence of judgment or their political interests. The late John Walter, owner of the London *Times*, was the second member of his dynasty to refuse the offer of a peerage, determined to keep his great paper free from any suspicion at home or abroad of being influenced by the Government.

Joseph Chamberlain refused an earldom, preferring to die as he had lived—a great commoner—and being also reluctant to handicap the political prospects of his eldest son, Austen, by exclusion from the House of Commons, which would have followed his inheritance of a peerage. His widow, daughter of Judge Endicott, of Massachusetts, Secretary of War in the Cleveland Administration, out of respect to his memory declined the earldom prest upon her after his demise by King George in recognition of "Fighting Joe's" great services to the Empire. She remains on record as the only American-born woman to whom a peerage in her own right has been tendered and also declined.

It is said of William E. Gladstone that he would have accepted a peerage in his old age if he could have taken his title from the city of Liverpool, where he was born. This, however, was bitterly opposed by Lord Hawkesbury whose maternal grandfather had been the last of the Earls of Liverpool, of the Jenkinson line, and who considered the title a family prerogative. But the inheritance of peerages may not be dodged. Says the writer in *The Sun:*

In their younger days Lord Middleton,

"—and use this powder for your tender, bleeding gums"

Only dentists understand the real dangers of neglect in caring immediately and properly for spongy, tender, bleeding or receding gums—warning signals of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhea attacks and destroys the gum tissues and bony sockets which hold the teeth in place. Mastication becomes painful; the gums ache and bleed; teeth loosen and eventually fall out; the general health is affected by the bacteria developed under pyorrhetic conditions.

Pyorrhocide Powder is the preparation most widely prescribed by dentists to *prevent* pyorrhea and to aid in *restoring* affected gums to a normally healthy condition. As a part of the Dentinol and Pyorrhocide Method, Pyorrhocide Powder has demonstrated its value in maintaining gum vitality and in correcting all unhealthy conditions which lead to pyorrhea.

The Dentinol and Pyorrhocide Method originated in the Pyorrhocide Clinic, New York, ten years ago. A staff of scientific investigators and dental specialists devoted many years to studying the causes and effects of pyorrhea and how it could be prevented and treated successfully. Dentinol, to be applied by the dentist, and Pyorrhocide Powder, to be used at home, were developed.

Since 1908 dentists from all parts of the world have been instructed in the application of the method. It is being used successfully by thousands of dentists.

Pyorrhocide Powder's effectiveness is due to the presence of Dentinol in combination with other healing ingredients. Used twice daily, Pyorrhocide Powder acts quickly and surely. It relieves tenderness; heals bleeding gums. Spongy gums are made hard and firm. Their power of resistance against pyorrhea infection is increased.

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Have You Met This Kaiserite?

NAIL LIES LIKE THESE:

THAT Red Cross supplies are being sold to shopkeepers by dishonest Red Cross officials.

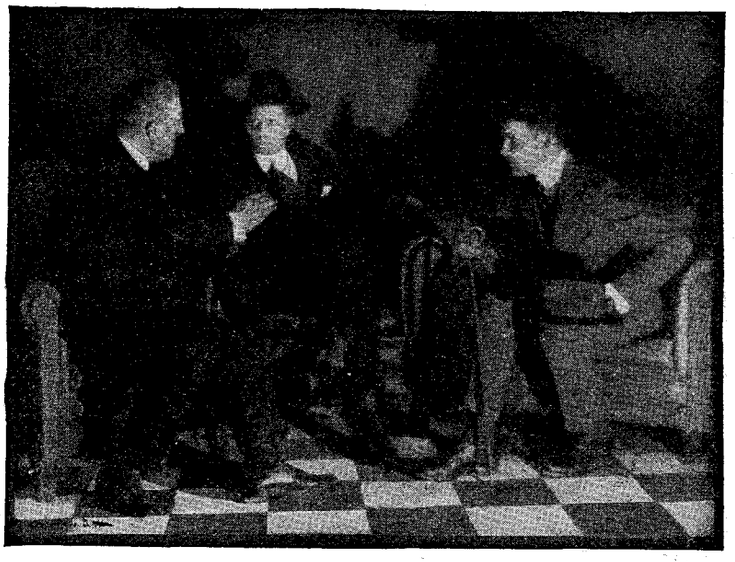
THAT the Masonic orders have protested against allowing the Knights of Columbus to build recreation huts for soldiers.

THAT interned German prisoners are being fed five meals a day.

THAT this is "a rich man's war" or "a business man's war."

THAT farmers are profiteering.

THAT nine American warships were sunk in a disastrous engagement in the North Sea.



YOU FIND HIM in hotel lobbies, smoking compartments, clubs, offices and even in homes. He thinks it's clever to repeat "inside facts" about the war. He is a scandalmonger of the most dangerous type.

He repeats all the rumors, criticisms and lies he hears about our country's part in the war. He gives you names, places, dates. He is very plausible.

But if you pin him down, if you ask him what he really KNOWS at first-hand, he becomes vague, non-committal, slippery. He tries to make you think that the Government can fool you, if you are willing to let it—but it can't fool him. No, siree! He's too smart.

People like that are hurting your country every day. They are playing the Kaiser's game. They are fighting against this country. They are making it harder to win the war.

Through their vanity or curiosity or TREASON they are helping German propagandists to sow the seeds of discontent.

For every lie that has been traced originated with a German spy. Don't forget that.

There was the one about the President's Secretary. It was said, and said again, and spread broadcast, that Mr. Tumulty was convicted of treason and shot at Fort Leavenworth. That lie was easily scotched by a public statement from Mr. Tumulty himself.

But other lies are more insidious—harder to down. In another paragraph some of them are told. But they are only a few of many.

They are taken from a publication, issued by the Committee on Public Information, called:

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This little book describes the methods of Germans here and quotes 101 lies that have been nailed by a newspaper which took the trouble to run them down. It will be sent to you upon request.

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Get in the fight to stamp out this malicious slander. As you travel about the country or even in your social life at home, run down these lies. Call the bluff of anyone who says he has "inside information." Tell him that it's his patriotic duty to help you find the source of what he's saying.

If you find a disloyal person in your search, give his name to the Department of Justice in Washington and tell them where to find him. It is your plain and solemn duty to fight the enemy at home by stamping out these lies. Where shall we send your copy of this book? It's free!

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then William St. John Brodrick, M.P.; Lord Curzon, then George Nathaniel Curzon, M.P., and Lord Coleridge, then Bernard Coleridge, M.P., and now a judge of the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, associated themselves with several other politically ambitious eldest sons of peers in a movement to enable men situated like themselves, with seats in the House of Commons, to decline the succession of the family honors on the death of their respective fathers, and to retain all the privileges and prerogatives of a commoner in lieu of those of a peer. Each of them was convinced that his political future and his chances of becoming Prime Minister—the dream of every embryo statesman—would be irretrievably ruined in the event of his being compelled to leave the lower for the upper house of the Imperial legislature. To such an extent is the House of Lords regarded as the tomb of all aspirations to the Premiership that when a promising politician is elevated to the peerage he is usually described as having been "kicked up-stairs."

The matter was made the subject of the most careful examination by the highest law officers of the Crown and by the principal legal experts of the opposition, who were unanimous in declaring that the succession to a peerage was not optional; that an heir had no power to refuse his succession to the peerage, and that the very moment the succession to a peerage took place, through the death of a peer, the next heir, while becoming endowed with all the prerogatives and immunities of his new rank, *ipse facto*, forfeited those of a commoner, including his electoral franchise, unless his peerage happened to be an exclusively Irish dignity.

In the case of Lord Coleridge, his anxiety to escape from the inheritance of his father's peerage was increased by the fact that he knew that his removal from the Commons to the Lords would entail the sacrifice of his lucrative practise as a member of the bar, all the more indispensable to him since he was without any private fortune and had become estranged from his father on the subject of the latter's second marriage to a quite young woman, to whom the old gentleman bequeathed every vestige of the property over the disposition of which he had any control.

Romance has played its part in several instances where a peer has refused to make any use of family honors or titles, one of the most interesting being the case of Thomas Morton Berkeley, sixth Earl of Berkeley, of which the writer in *The Sun* says:

In the reign of King William III. and Queen Mary, the ancient Barony of Berkeley was transformed into an earldom. The fifth Earl, prior to his accession to the family honors, fell in love with a wonderfully pretty girl, Mary Cole, a daughter of a village butcher and a chambermaid at Berkeley Castle. On succeeding to the earldom and estates he introduced her everywhere as his wife, giving it to be understood that he had secretly married her some years previously and had kept the union from becoming known for fear of offending his father.

There were at the time several children born of this alleged secret union, the eldest of whom became known everywhere by his father's second title of Viscount Dursley, as which he sat in the House of Commons. For some strange reason or other, possibly to silence any question which might arise in connection with his alleged secret marriage in the Berkeley parish church in 1785, the fifth Earl went through another ceremony of marriage with his wife in 1796 at Lambeth, and subsequent to this Lambeth wedding three more sons were born.

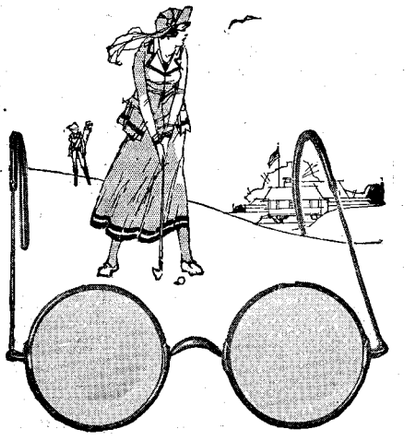
When the fifth Earl died in 1810 his oldest son, Lord Dursley, then a member of the House of Commons, made the customary application to the Crown for a writ of summons to the House of Lords as sixth Earl of Berkeley. Thereupon the question as to the authenticity of his parents' first and secret marriage in 1785 was raised. After prolonged legal proceedings the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords and the great law officers of the Crown found themselves compelled after a very careful and searching investigation to decide against the validity or even the very existence of the 1785 secret marriage, and placed on record their opinion to the effect that the documents produced in support thereof were forgeries and that the people concerned in their production had been guilty of forgery, perjury, and conspiracy.

Lord Dursley himself and his brothers were exculpated from any guilty cognizance of the alleged crime and were held to have acted throughout in good faith. Moreover, the dead Earl was excused on the ground that he had been prompted by parental love and by devotion to his wife, against whom no criminal proceedings whatever were instituted. So universal indeed was the sympathy for the ex-Lord Dursley, thus declared to be illegitimate, that George IV., then Regent, created him a peer in his own right with the title of Lord Fitzhardinge, while by his father's will he remained in possession of the castle of Berkeley and of all the ancestral estates.

No opposition was made to this by his brother, Thomas Morton Berkeley, the eldest son born after the Lambeth marriage in 1796. In fact, Thomas declined to assume the earldom or to take his seat in the House of Lords as Lord Berkeley, in response to the summons of the Crown, on the ground that by so doing he would be accepting the verdict of the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords and acknowledging the illegitimacy of his elder brothers and sisters, of whom he was very fond, the dishonor of his widowed mother, to whom he was passionately devoted, and the charges of forgery, perjury, and conspiracy imputed to his dead father. He never married and went through life as plain Thomas Morton Berkeley, disenfranchised as a peer and sacrificing the voice that he would otherwise have had in the determination of the destinies of the nation. On his death the earldom passed to a very distant cousin.

The new Earl of Camperdown has made his home in Boston ever since his marriage to the daughter of John Dore, of Andover, Mass., the widow of John James Blanchard, of Boston. She died several years ago, and, says *The Sun:*

As all Mr. Duncan's associations and interests are centered in and around that city, where he has many friends and his stepsons, the children of his American wife, men to whom he is much attached, he very naturally does not relish the idea of breaking these ties and transferring his abode to the land of his birth, from which he has been so long absent and almost forgotten. In fact, altho he might return thither as a peer of the realm he would be a stranger.



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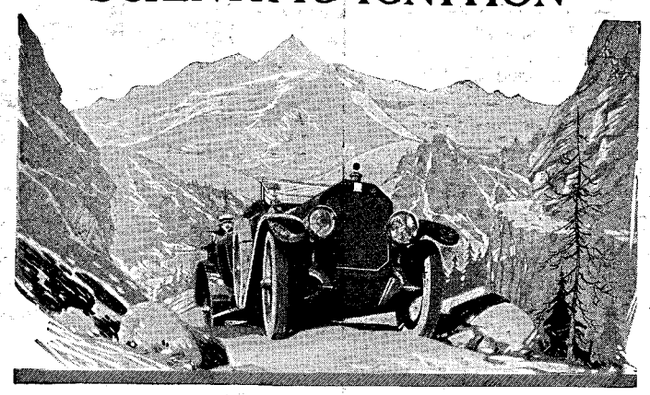

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Culinary Hint.—In making a sugarless gooseberry pie, it is advisable to leave out the gooseberries, too.—*Kansas City Star.*

Or a Nurse.—Uncle Chess Nutt says it's getting to the point where when a fellow's sick he has to join the Army to get a doctor.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Matrimonial Alterations.—"Agnes married a self-made man, didn't she?"

"Yes, but she has compelled him to make extensive alterations."—*Boston Transcript.*

Conservation.—"I wish I had a baby brother to wheel in my go-cart, mama," said small Elsie. "My dolls are always getting broke when it tips over."—*Chicago Daily News.*

Efficacious Remedy.—"When I sing the tears come into my eyes. What can I do for this?"

"Stuff cotton in your ears."—*Boston Transcript.*

Days of Usefulness.—In these work-or-fight days some men are already useful, some achieve usefulness, and others have usefulness thrust upon them.—*Bonner Springs Chieftain.*

Why He Needed a Lawyer.—LAWYER—"Are you aware, sir, that what you contemplate is illegal?"

CLIENT—"Certainly. What do you suppose I came to consult you for?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Sharing the Joy of Life.—The only real happiness in this life springs from doing things for others, and nothing gives us greater pleasure than bringing our loved ones a box of candy, of which we are very fond.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

Save 'Em for Coal.—The Food Administration has frowned on the envelop plan of serving sugar in restaurants, but perhaps the idea ought not to be abandoned altogether. The envelops may be handy to serve coal in next winter.—*Kansas City Star.*

But Don't Fit Like It.—"Do you think there is a chance that people will be required to wear clothes made of paper?"

"Shouldn't be surprized. They have already made a start. Some of this summer's designs look like wall-paper."—*Washington Star.*

Evolution.—"Do you believe the old assertion that a politician is a statesman out of a job?"

"Not altogether," replied Senator Sorghum. "Sometimes a statesman gets a job and turns politician trying to hold on to it."—*Washington Star.*

When the Censor Sleepeth.—Is it any wonder print-paper is scarce? asks the Atchison *Globe*. A Chicago paper takes up an entire half page with a picture of a young man and young woman embracing, with the following printed beneath it: "'I will never love another man,' said Theodora, "and then their lips met for one last kiss, in which it seemed they exchanged their very souls." O censor, where is thy club?—*Kansas City Star.*

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Easy.—" Pa, what is an income tax?"
" Anything we buy at the present prices, my son."—*Boston Transcript.*

Planning Their Vacation.—Perhaps Emperor Charles and his wife are quarreling about where they shall go on their long vacation.—*Kansas City Star.*

Hard Up.—Abdul-Hamid attempted suicide several times. Think of a sultan of Turkey falling so low that he has no one to kill but himself.—*Columbia State.*

Adaptable.—" Is this medicine to be used only for local application?"
" Dear me, no; you can use it anywhere you happen to be."—*Baltimore American.*

Did 'Em All.—GROCER—" Did that watermelon I sold you do your whole family? "
CUSTOMER—" Very nearly. The doctor is calling yet."—*Boston Transcript.*

Too Literal.—In the last two weeks twelve men and four girls have been arrested in Coffeyville for fighting, and *The Journal* fears a misconstruction has been placed on the work-or-fight order.—*Kansas City Star.*

Agreeable Coincidence.—CREDITOR—" You couldn't ride around in your fine automobile if you paid your honest debts."
DEBTOR—" That's so. I'm glad you look at it in the same light that I do."—*Boston Transcript.*

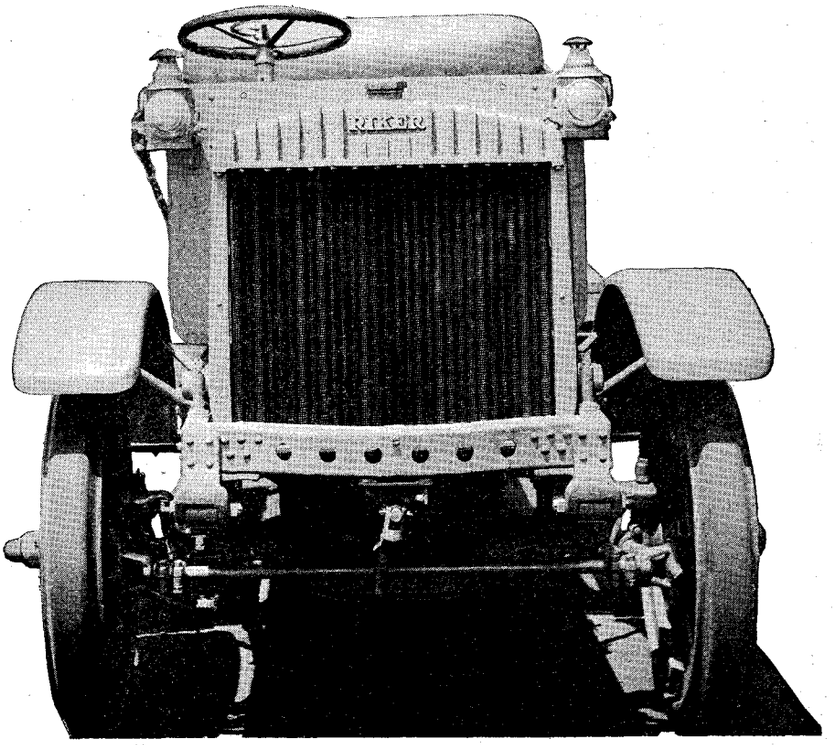
On a War-Basis.—HIS HONOR—" Rufus, didn't you hear that you had to work or fight? "
RUFUS—" Yaas, boss, I sho' dun hyer dat. So I goes an' gits married right away."—*The State.*

This Is from Boston.—MOTHER—"That young man of yours is simply impossible. He doesn't like Shaw; he doesn't like Ibsen; he doesn't like Galsworthy. Whom does he like?"
DAUGHTER (demurely)—" Me."—*Boston Transcript.*

Lucky Man!—C. R. H. writes back from a training-camp where he arrived last week that he has been equipped with shoes weighing not less than twenty-five pounds apiece. He presumes from that that he has been selected to kick the Kaiser.—*Kansas City Star.*

First Shipping Board.—" We got this boat together in remarkably short time," remarked Noah jubilantly, as he stood off and surveyed the ark.
" Yes," replied Japheth. " All we had to do was to go ahead and build her of wood. There hasn't been any steel construction to stop and argue about."—*Washington Star.*

" Pity 'Tis, 'Tis True."—" Article II. Between Austria-Hungary, on the one hand, and the Ukrainian Peoples' Republic on the other hand, as far as these two Powers border one another, those frontiers will exist which existed before the outbreak of the present war between the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and Russia. Further north, the frontier of the republic, beginning at Tarnegrad, will in general follow the line of Bilgerey to Sroezeberzszyn, Krasnostau Pugaszce, Radzyn, Meshiretschei, Sarnaki, Selnik, Wysekelitowsk, Kamietslitowsk, Prushany, and to Wydozowskyesee."—*New York Evening Post.*



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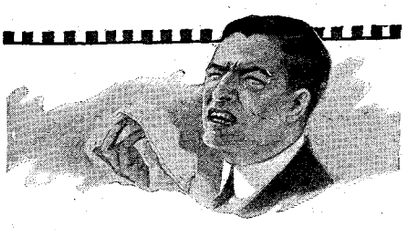

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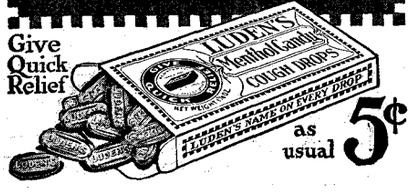

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE

July 24.—The French bulletin reports the capture of Brécy with an advance of Franco-American troops of more than three kilometers at certain points. The Americans recapture Epieds and Trugny-Epieds, and pass beyond Courpoil. The French on their right take five cannon, fifteen machine guns, and much material. The French report that the total number of prisoners taken by them on July 23 north of Montdidier is 1,850, including 52 officers. They also took 4 guns, 45 trench-guns, and 300 machine guns.

The British report several successful raids and active hostile artillery-action.

The Germans claim the repulse of all Allied thrusts and the recapture of Villemontoire.

July 25.—The French report continued progress to a depth of three kilometers at certain points, with the capture of Oulchy-la-Ville, Hill 141, the village of Coincy, and most of Tournelle Wood. A violent enemy attack southwest of Reims is beaten back with the capture of 100 Germans.

General Pershing reports continued American advance with the capture of the southern half of the Forest of Fère.

The British report a number of minor actions with reciprocal raids and artillery-activity.

The German report claims the repulse of all Allied attacks.

July 26.—The French report the capture of several positions on the north bank of the Marne and an advance of about a mile in the Champagne, where 1,100 prisoners, 200 machine guns, and 7 cannon were taken. The prisoners captured on the 25th are now reported to number 700. At another point 200 prisoners and 20 machine guns were taken and south of the Ourcq the German prisoners numbered many hundreds. The important town of Oulchy-le-Château fell into the hands of the French.

The British report the repulse of hostile attacks at various points with the capture of several scores of German prisoners.

The Germans claim the repulse of Allied attacks all along the line.

A dispatch from the French headquarters says that the Germans have now lost practically all the ground captured in their great attack of July 15, in addition to the recent losses of other territory.

July 27.—The French report the Germans retreating along the whole front north of the Marne, whose right bank has been widely cleared, with an advance of more than nine miles northeast of Château Thierry and the capture of hundreds of prisoners.

The British bulletin reports the usual raiding and artillery-activities.

The German report tells of increased fighting-activity along the British front, but says that on the line between Soissons and Reims the fighting showed "a marked decrease."

July 28.—The French report a continuation of their "onward march." They have crossed the Ourcq and penetrated into Fère-en-Tardenois and occupied Anthenay and Oisy-et-Violaine.

The British report the capture of prisoners in successful raids.

The German report says that on the German Crown Prince's battle-front "the day passed quietly," but the penetration of the German first line in the Champagne is admitted.

July 29.—A powerful increase in the German resistance is reported in the French war-bulletin, despite which the Franco-American forces made new progress with the capture of Grand Rozoy, Cugny, the Butte Chalmont, Sergy, Ronchères, and other territory, and hundreds of prisoners.

The British report taking 143 prisoners in minor operations.

The Germans report the voluntary evacuation of their positions between the Ourcq and the Ardre, without discovery by the Allies, whose later advance was engaged by the German rear-guards. Certain regiments are highly complimented for their distinguished conduct.

July 30.—A great counter-attack by the Germans is reported in dispatches from Paris, but in spite of it the Americans beat the Germans back nearly two miles north of Fère-en-Tardenois in terrific fighting. The French captured Romigny and pushed their way further up the Ardre Valley.

The British report that Australian patrols surrounded and captured the village of Merris along with 169 prisoners and several trench-mortars and machine guns.

The German report claims the repulse of the British in the region of Merris and the repulse of heavy and repeated French, British, and American attacks in the Marne salient.

A dispatch from American Army Headquarters reports that the Franco-American advance has captured tremendous stores of German ammunition abandoned in the hasty retreat of the Crown Prince.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

July 26.—A dispatch from Paris says that Second-Lieutenant Coeffard, of the French Army, has won fifteen aerial victories in fifteen days, breaking all records.

A Washington dispatch relating the activities of the French Air Service says that during the first two weeks of June French airmen dropt 600 tons of high explosives on the German trenches, railways, and munition-works. Over 2,000 combats occurred, in which 199 German planes were destroyed or captured and 161 others were probably destroyed, against a loss of 72 French machines. On July 25 French aviators brought down 7 enemy machines while 18 more were brought down by Anglo-French units. French aviators dropt over thirty-eight tons of bombs on enemy works, causing fires and explosions, and British aviators dropt four tons.

A London dispatch says that British aviators brought down 25 German machines and forced down 6 others out of control, on the 25th. Fifteen British machines failed to return. Several factories, airdromes, trains, batteries, and other hostile works were successfully attacked.

The Secretary of the Siamese Legation in Paris announces that more than 500 native airplane pilots have been trained in Siam and will soon take up active service in France.

Two aviators are killed by accident at the Buffalo aviation-field.

July 27.—Lieutenant Fonck, says a Paris dispatch, has won three new aerial victories, bringing his total to fifty-nine.

A London dispatch reports that British aviators have destroyed six German machines and driven down eight out of control along the English and Belgian coasts, with a loss of five British machines, and have dropt over fifteen tons of bombs on German bases "with good results."

A Turkish official report says that 6

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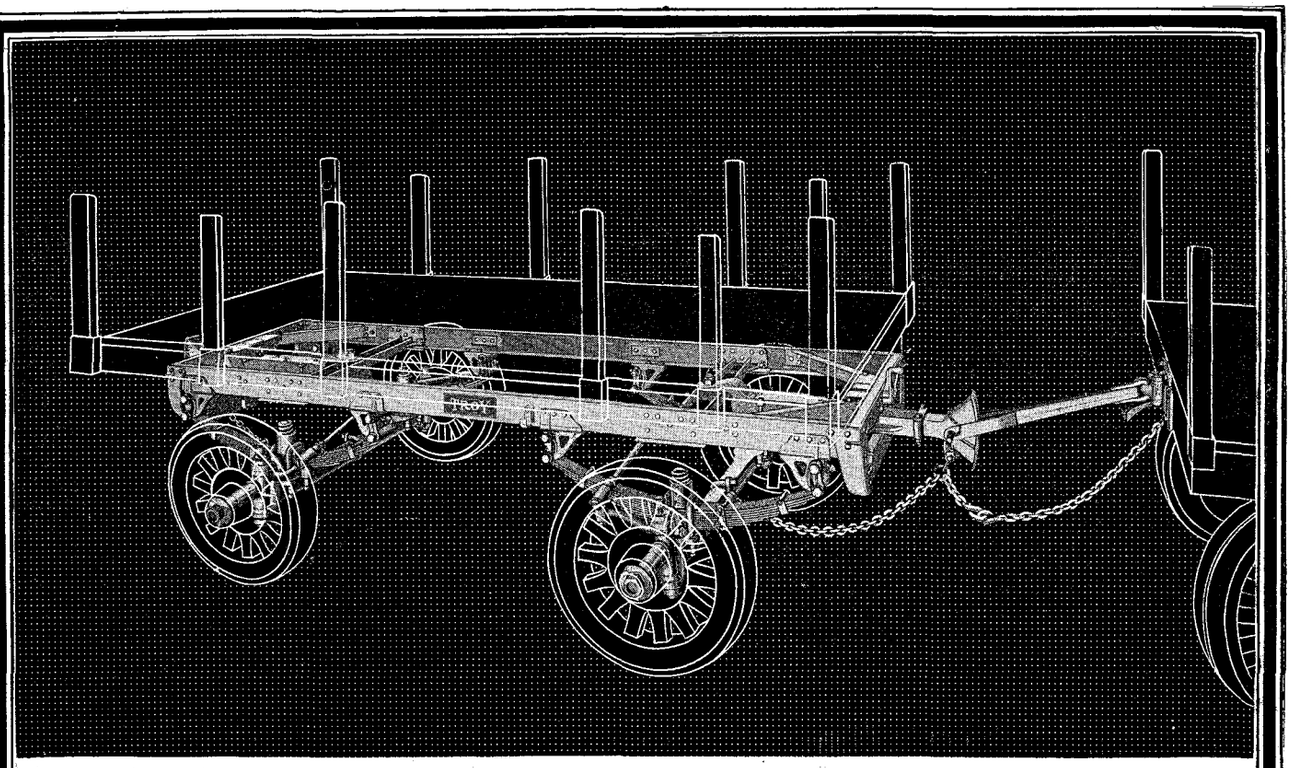

Four wheels and a frame won't make a trailer to be operated behind a motor truck.

A motor-truck trailer must be so designed that every wheel takes care of itself when meeting road obstruction. There can be no whipping motion, no side-thrust in rounding corners, — no strain on wheels, frame or steering gear. The wheels always must be parallel to line of traction.

There must be an absolutely automatic steering mechanism, so that whether there are one or more trailers in the train, each one will follow in the exact track of the truck, 'round corners and regardless of road conditions.

There must be prevented any and all shocks from sudden starts and stops.

To travel 4 to 15 miles an hour and under load —to back into or pull out of a crowded corner— to hitch up to any truck and stay hitched — to take any road day after day, without injury to itself or the truck— to pass through a narrow gateway on a curve without collision — in a word, to meet and extend all the desirable conditions of modern trucking traffic at a profit to the operation, and remain a sound, dependable mechanical asset in an enlarged scheme of transportation, calls for a vehicle such as was never before designed.

Troy Trailers

have gone through all of this evolution of design and test, redesign and re-test—and then years of experiment in actual service,—and they have done this with wonderful performance.

Troy Trailers do not contain a single wagon part. They are built entirely of bronze and steel, with wood only in the wheels.

Compound draw-bar heads and couplings allow unimpeded motion in the connection between the truck and trailer.

These coupling features take not only the up and down and sideway fluctuations, but all the angles in between. The truck can be attached to either end of the trailer.

The "pull" is through the frame and springs, and not on the axles and wheels. In other words, the load itself starts to move before the wheels do. As much engineering skill is required in building Troy Trailers as it takes to build the best trucks.

Troy Trailers are made in from **1** to **5**-ton capacity, and with any type of body desired.

The Troy Wagon Works Co., Troy, Ohio

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(Showing "Liberty" truck drawing two Troy Trailers at Chester Ship-Building Plant)

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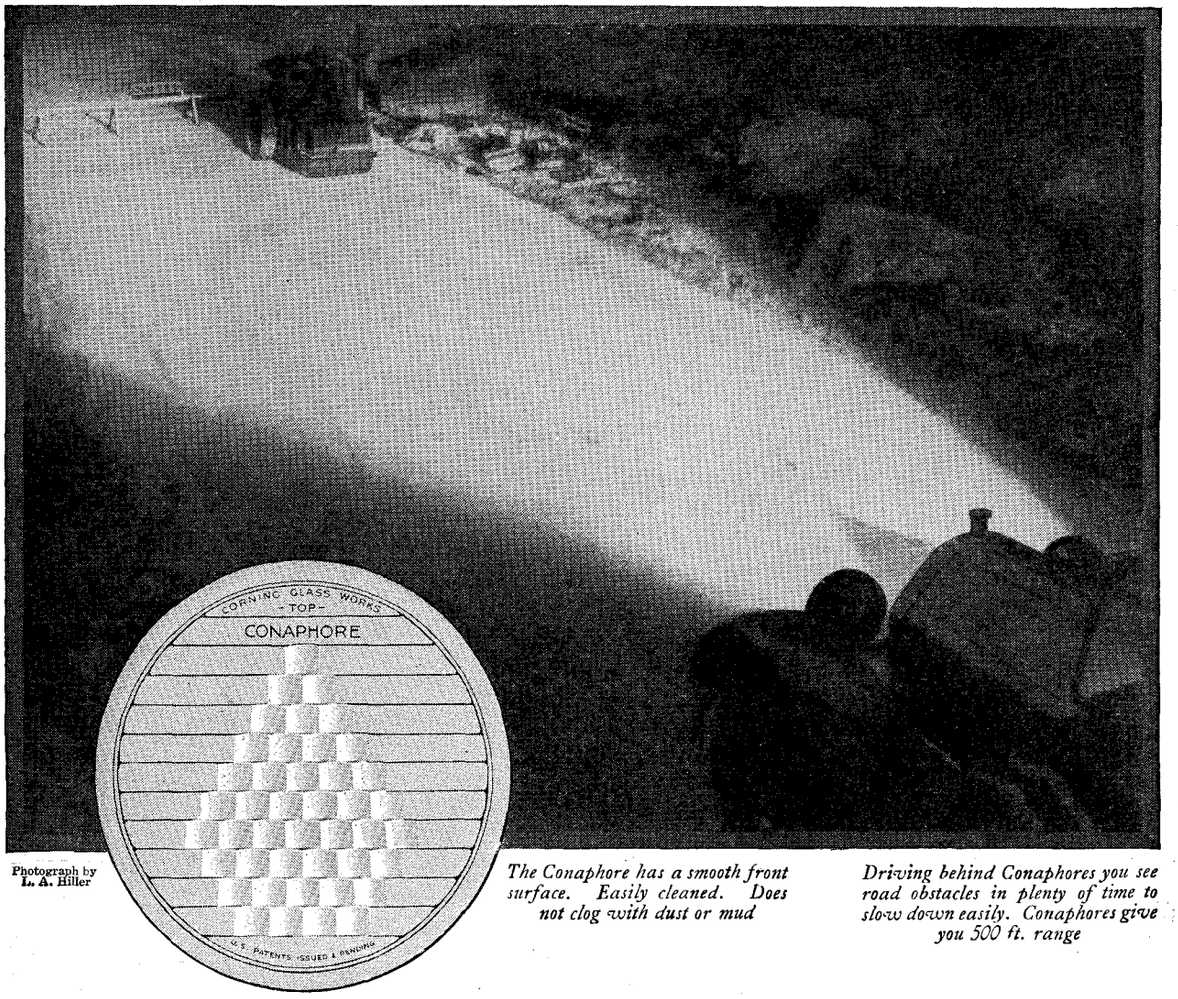

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The Conaphore has a smooth front surface. Easily cleaned. Does not clog with dust or mud

Driving behind Conaphores you see road obstacles in plenty of time to slow down easily. Conaphores give you 500 ft. range

How to make night driving safe

Protection for yourself—Courtesy to others

ON strange roads or familiar highways, safe night driving is chiefly a question of safe and sufficient light.

At average speed you must have long range in order to see unexpected obstacles. But any long range light that reaches the eyes of others is dangerous and discourteous.

This is why common sense, science and legislation agree that auto headlighting should be restricted to a level of 42 inches above the road.

Why ordinary "no-glare" devices fail

You know that inferior prismatic lenses dump so much light directly in front of the car that long range is impossible. You know that diffusion cuts down range by scattering the light in all directions.

Only a broad, far-reaching beam, definitely restricted to the proper level, can give headlighting that is efficient from your viewpoint, and courteous to the oncoming car.

Conaphores give this result because they are the product of the noted optical laboratories at Corning — manufactured by the world's master glass workers.

Why you need Noviol light

Just as tests by the Bureau of Standards at Washington have determined that Noviol Glass in goggles gives maximum range with minimum glare, so Noviol is now generally recognized by motorists as the correct tint for headlight illumination.

Noviol Conaphores eliminate the dangerous "back-glare" of diffused light in fog, dust or snow because they completely absorb the blue and violet rays. For the same reasons Noviol is the easiest light for your eye to follow.

Noviol headlights, with their unique yellow tint, flash a sure signal of safety and courtesy. Just as a railroad engineer reads the message of the semaphore lights, the oncoming driver knows instantly that he can speed along without risk.

So it is that the same headlight glass which gives you the safest, most efficient light, gives others adequate protection. Use Conaphores and join with a million other motorists to make night driving safe.

Sizes	Retail Prices (per pair) Noviol Glass	Clear Glass
5 to 6⅞ inches inclusive	$2.40	$1.60
7 to 8½ inches inclusive	3.50	2.50
8⅝ to 10 inches inclusive	4.50	3.00
10⅛ to 11½ inches inclusive	6.00	4.00

Prices west of Rocky Mountains 25c more per pair
Sizes vary by steps of ⅛ inch above 6½ inch size

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airplanes dropt bombs on Constantinople Tuesday afternoon, injuring 5 persons.

July 29.—Lieutenant Nungesser is created an officer of the Legion of Honor for his air victories, having brought down 31 German planes and 3 observation-balloons. He has received many wounds and has been cited fifteen times.

One aviator is killed and another seriously hurt in an airplane collision at San Antonio, Texas.

The British report dropping ten tons of bombs upon enemy works along their front. They also brought down 9 hostile machines and 2 balloons, with a loss of 4 British planes.

THE ITALIAN AND ALBANIAN FRONTS

July 24.—A London dispatch says that in a brilliant advance of nearly ten miles in the valley of the Devoli River in Albania, the French have taken all the heights along the right bank of the river, with two villages on the left bank, and captured 642 prisoners. The French losses were insignificant.

July 25.—Rome reports signs of a new Austro-Hungarian offensive against Italy, with German reenforcements and German commanders.

July 26.—The French in Albania report the repulse of Austrian attacks and the capture of more prisoners to a total of 680 since July 21.

July 27.—Rome announces that the Austro-Bulgarian counter-drive has been repulsed at nearly all points. The Austrians claim to have crossed the Semeni River near Kalmi.

The arrival of a large force of American troops is reported on the Italian front. They were received with great enthusiasm.

July 28.—The Italian merchant steamer *Garibaldi* is destroyed by an explosion 200 miles off the coast of Brazil, caused, it is believed, by a dynamite bomb placed on board by German spies.

July 29.—Heavy fighting is reported along the Semeni River in Albania without any appreciable gain by either side.

July 30.—The Italian War Office announces that the drive against the Austrian line in Albania has ceased.

The official Italian reports dealing with the operations in Italy tell only of patrol encounters and the exchange of artillery-fire during the past week.

THE CENTRAL POWERS

July 24.—Amsterdam reports a series of peace suggestions put out by Germany through the Spanish Government, renouncing annexations or indemnities in the West; insisting on the peace treaties with Russia and Roumania; referring the fate of Belgium, the self-determination of peoples, and the Balkan question to the peace conference; demanding the freedom of the seas, the dismantling of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, and the right of Germany to use them for coaling-stations, and the settlement of the colonial question on the basis of the *status quo*.

July 25.—A dispatch from Bern reports that several epidemics are raging in Germany, including typhus fever in Berlin.

An Amsterdam dispatch says that the exchange of potatoes and coal between Holland and Germany has ceased, owing to the potato scarcity in Holland.

July 26.—Revolts at Prague caused by famine are reported in dispatches from Switzerland.

Antwerp has been fined $200,000, according to an Amsterdam dispatch, on account of patriotic disturbances.

July 28.—An official German statement declares Field-Marshal von Hindenburg's health to be excellent.

July 29.—A severance of diplomatic relations between Germany and Turkey is rumored, but not confirmed.

A reduction in the weekly meat rations in Germany is reported by a Berlin newspaper, to begin August 12.

The German Government's demand for second-hand clothing for war-workers and the Army is said to have brought disappointing results and forcible requisition is hinted.

Admiral von Holtzendorff, Chief of the German Admiralty staff, has explained to the German press that the German *U*-boats find it very difficult to sink American transports on account of the strong convoys, the irregularity of the voyages, and the many ports of embarkation and debarkation.

July 30.—An Amsterdam dispatch reports that a strike at Kalk, near Cologne, was suppressed by machine guns.

THE SITUATION IN RUSSIA

July 24.—Advices from Moscow state that a general mobilization of the Russian Army began on July 7.

Soviet troops are said to have abandoned the city of Orenburg, and hunger revolutions are reported in several other cities.

Reports from Berlin say that more than 200 Russian Social Revolutionists have been shot by the Bolsheviki for participation in the assassination of the German Ambassador, von Mirbach.

July 25.—The Bolshevik Government, says a London dispatch, has decided that Allied intervention on the Murman coast is equivalent to a declaration of war, and will take measures accordingly.

The State Department at Washington has received the reply of the Japanese Government to President Wilson's proposal for military and economic assistance to Russia, say the Washington dispatches, which report that Japan, in complete agreement with the United States and the Allies on the principle of non-interference in Russia's internal affairs, will furnish the greater part of the military contingents which will enter Siberia, and the Allied troops will be withdrawn unconditionally upon the fulfilment of their mission.

July 26.—A revolt of 75,000 peasants is said to be causing the Germans much trouble in the Ukraine. Meanwhile the Czecho-Slovak Army is said to be gaining new successes.

A Stockholm dispatch tells of increasing riots in parts of Russia occupied by the Germans, with numerous assassinations of German soldiers.

The National Congress of Turkestan has proclaimed Turkestan a republic in alliance with Russia, according to news from Moscow.

The Czecho-Slovak Army in Russia has captured Simbirsk, says a telegram from Moscow by way of Berlin. Simbirsk is on the Volga and it is described as an important grain center.

Premier Lenine, in a speech at Moscow, describes the position of the *Soviet* republic as extremely acute in view of international complications, counter-revolutionary conspiracies, and the food crisis.

The State Department at Washington denies that a decision has been reached regarding assistance to Russia, and says that the matter is still under consideration.

A London dispatch says it is announced officially there that Japan has decided to accept the American proposal to assist the Czecho-Slovak armies in Siberia.

July 30.—An Austrian report tells of the capture by Czecho-Slovak forces of

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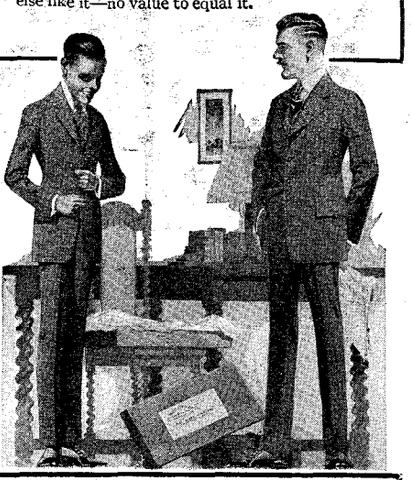

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several cities in the Caucasus and a port on the Black Sea, where two Russian war-ships were seized.

FOREIGN

July 24.—A dispatch from London states that the losses to British and Allied shipping due to enemy action or marine risk, for the month of June, totaled 275,629 gross tons, this being the lowest record for any month since September, 1916. The British losses totaled 151,062 tons and Allied and neutral losses 114,567. The total losses for the quarter ending June 30 amounted to 946,578 tons, which was the lowest record for any quarter since the third quarter of 1916. Sailings continue at the high levels of recent months. Steamships of 500 gross tons and over entering or clearing from United Kingdom ports, other than coastwise and cross-Channel vessels, totaled 7,430,386 tons. The total sailings for the quarter ending June 30 were considerably higher than the sailings of the two preceding quarters. The above figures were announced by the Admiralty. The statement shows for June a drop in the world's sinkings of 81,905 tons, as compared with May; 37,706 tons as compared with April, and 125,834 tons as compared with March of the present year. Compared with June of last year, the falling off is 437,092 tons.

A strike of munition-workers began at Birmingham at six o'clock this evening.

It is announced in London that the White Star liner *Justicia* was sunk on Saturday after an encounter of twenty hours with *U*-boats. Eleven of the crew were lost.

July 25.—King George awards the Distinguished Service Order to Lieutenant-Commander Carpenter, of the American destroyer *Fanning*, for his work in the antisubmarine operations.

The British munition-strike now embraces 200,000 workers. Premier Lloyd George announces that all men on strike on or after Monday will be liable to conscription.

July 29.—Sir Eric Geddes, First Lord of the British Admiralty, says in a speech in London that there are now more than 250 American war-ships in British waters.

The establishment of an inter-Allied Food Council, composed of the food-controllers of the Allied countries, is now an accomplished fact, says a dispatch from London, where the food administrators of the United Kingdom, the United States, France, and Italy are now in conference.

The munition-strikers in England have decided to resume work immediately.

DOMESTIC

July 24.—Four more rain-coat makers are arrested in New York in the army graft plot.

The wages of railroad shopmen are increased to sixty-eight cents an hour by Director-General McAdoo, with proportional advances for other employees in the mechanical departments, all to be retroactive from January 1. Beginning August 1 eight hours will be the working-day, with overtime at pay and one-half. About 500,000 men are affected and the added pay will amount to nearly $100,000,000 a year.

Mr. L. W. Noyes gives $2,500,000 to the University of Chicago for the education of soldiers and sailors and their descendants after the war.

July 25.—President Wilson approves the use of a gold star on a black sleeve-band as an emblem of mourning for the loss of a member of the family in defense of the nation.

The destroyer *Ward* is commissioned seventy days after her keel was laid at the Mare Island Navy-Yard. Formerly

Wetproof Steel Lined Shot Shells

DOUBLE your duck hunting luck in rough weather with the *right* shotshells—Remington UMC Smokeless "Arrow" or "Nitro Club" Wetproof Steel Lined "Speed Shells," made to stay dry and firm as a bullet regardless how wet the pocket that contains them, and shoot *right*.

There will be no hitch at a critical moment—no gun jammed with a water-soaked and swelled shell—no fizzled shots from mushy turnovers of the shell ends (crimps), or misfires from soaked primers. The same smooth working, high velocity and good pattern as always.

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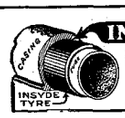

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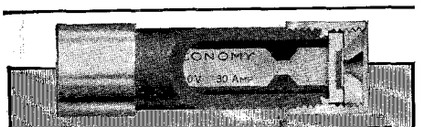

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it required twenty-four months to build a destroyer.

Representative Slayden, of Texas, withdraws from his campaign for renomination, following a telegram from President Wilson saying that he has not supported the Administration.

The Food Administration restricts the consumption of sugar in the home to two pounds per person per month from August 1 to January 1. Restaurants will receive similar orders. The new restriction is due to disappointing crops and submarine sinkings.

In a discussion in the United States Senate on peace possibilities, all the Senators who spoke declared a crushing defeat of Germany to be necessary before peace negotiations could be considered.

Fifty thousand colored conscripts have been called to the colors by Provost-Marshal General Crowder.

July 26.—Federal indictments against 21 minor officials and workmen are found by a grand jury in New York charging the theft of thousands of pounds of beef from the Government.

The Western Union Telegraph Company is indicted by the Federal Grand Jury in New York for transmitting telegrams by train.

Charles M. Schwab, Director of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, says in an interview in Philadelphia that our shipyards will turn out 1,200 steel ships a year with a tonnage of about 10,000,000, and an equal number of wooden ships of 3,500 tons each.

Secretary Baker announces that he will permit ball-players affected by the draft to continue playing until September 1.

President Wilson issues a statement denouncing the mob spirit and mob action in America.

July 27.—The War Department announces its expectation that the number of American soldiers transported overseas during July will reach 300,000. With the shipment of men last week, the total number of American troops embarking for France is 1,250,000.

A dispatch from Washington reveals the fact that there are now 118 fully equipped shipyards in the United States and 44 partly complete.

Two spies are caught at Irvington, New Jersey, while igniting the fuse of a bomb intended to demolish a munition-plant.

July 28.—Production of soft coal during the week ended July 20 amounted to 12,950,000 net tons, the largest weekly production of the coal year with one exception, according to the Fuel Administration. The production for the coal year, however, is still 8,912,500 tons behind requirements.

The threatened strike on the Great Lakes is called off by the union leaders after a conference with the Chairman of the Shipping Board.

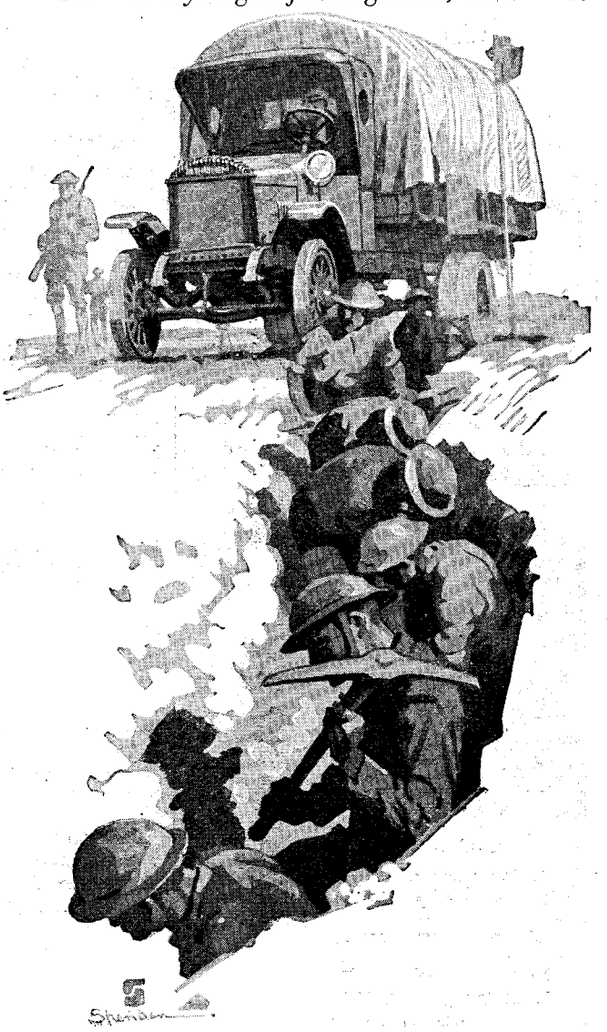
Food-Administrator Hoover cables from London releasing hotels and restaurants from their pledge to abstain entirely from wheat until harvest, as the required wheat-saving has already been accomplished.

July 29.—Encounters between United States marines and bandits in Santo Domingo have resulted in slight injuries to one corporal and two privates, and the death of twenty bandits.

The Heyden Chemical Works, the second largest corporation of its kind in the country, is taken over by the Alien Property Custodian as being under German ownership.

The State Department at Washington announces a new policy of approving American loans to China for the purpose of national defense.

A brush between a submarine and a naval patrol-boat off Cape Cod is reported in a dispatch from Boston.



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WAR-CONDITIONS TO LAST LONG AFTER FIGHTING CEASES

IN all discussions of the war's end—at least this is the case in Washington and among economists and military men elsewhere—the opinion is common that whether the war ends next year or some years afterward, war-conditions, such as are of chief interest to the business public, will continue for a long time. The United States already has become deeply enough involved "to render any immediate exit impossible." Such is the opinion which a correspondent of the New York *Journal of Commerce* finds prevalent in Washington. When hostilities end it is fully recognized that war-conditions "will continue for several reasons." First and most important is the fact that the number of our troops on the battle-front will increase steadily from now until the actual end of the war, and "the process of bringing them home will be about as tedious as that of getting them over." Many believe that it will be even more tedious, because at present the process is proceeding with every inducement for speed, whereas the return voyages are likely to go more slowly and to be accomplished with a much greater regard to the welfare and comfort of the men themselves. Other factors in the situation which the war will leave us in are set forth by the same correspondent as follows:

"It is being further noted with no little force that the conditions growing out of the war in relation to food-supply and taxation are not likely to terminate for a good while after the contest ends. No one, of course, knows how soon the troops would be dismissed after their landing here, or how many would be kept in permanent service for a time. Even if they should be disbanded as fast as they get back, it would still be true that the food question would continue to be serious and would have to be dealt with on a war-basis for a good while, both while they were on their way home and while they were being reabsorbed into industry.

"In the same way, it is now conceded by members of the Ways and Means Committee there will be a continuing burden of taxation at a very heavy rate for a long time after the close of the war. One of the ablest members of the committee estimates this taxation that must be levied annually through income or excess-profits taxes as high as $4,000,000,000. This sum will be used in part to carry the interest on bonds issued during the war, but largely to bear the added expenses of Government during the period in which our military establishment is being placed on a peace basis—a process which, it is now believed, will be likely to take a good while. Some administrative prophets figure only $2,000,000,000 as the permanent required yield of the income and excess-profits taxes, but whatever it is it will be far in excess of the sum heretofore collected in the years when the yield was only three or four hundred millions. These facts alone are believed sufficient to continue the war-basis of adjustment for a long time after the hostilities themselves have come to a close.

"The recognition of the inevitable continuance of war-conditions for a long time is unquestionably being taken advantage of by so-called reformers who want to use the war for the purpose of furthering their own particular brand of reform and who believe that every use should be made of the conditions to insure the continued existence of an extreme form of paternalism. Government ownership of railroads, government control and allotment of the supplies of this or that form of raw material, government assistance to labor in keeping up its wages and securing to itself a given share of the product of the community are merely items in the program that is slowly being formulated by those who have never before seen so favorable a chance for the fastening of the paternalistic idea upon the community, and who intend to make the most of it. The plans for government activity are being made a long time in advance even at the present time, members or officers of some of the boards and commissions that have been brought into existence stating frankly that they expect to keep on 'three to five years, no matter whether the war ends or not.' This makes the period of upward of two years assigned for the closing of the railroad control after the end of the war seem extremely moderate. The continuance of many boards and commissions with their immense number of employees will necessarily signify a similar continuation of the cost of Government, which is to-day so unprecedentedly inflated. It also seems to presuppose a continuance of the same general political control as at present. These factors are looming large in the discussions and thoughts of members of Congress and of various administrators, altho little attention has been given to them in public thus far. The autumn campaign will undoubtedly—it is thought—see a considerable ventilation of the facts and a testing of predictions and expectations."

CONFIDENCE MEN DUPING LIBERTY-BOND BUYERS

Washington centers of information have been learning from many points throughout the country that buyers of Liberty bonds are becoming the victims of financial tricksters who solicit and secure these bonds from confiding owners as payment for various kinds of worthless securities. At a national conference in Washington of government officials, bankers, and law officers, a statement was made that frauds of this kind have reached hundreds of millions of dollars a year. So serious has the situation become that, in order to meet it properly, representatives of the Treasury Department, the Department of Justice, the Post-office Department, the American Bankers' Association, the Investment Bankers' Association, the Controller of the Currency, the War-Industries Board, the Fuel Administration, the Federal Reserve Board, the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States in conference have urged the passage of a national blue-sky law. Meantime it was decided to organize vigilance committees in every community in the country. In further detail a Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* writes:

"The capital issues committee, which called the conference, is to organize a new bureau to be known as the bad issues bureau, to stop fraudulent stock issues and sales. This bureau will act on all information the vigilance committees turn in. This course was determined upon because of the difficulty of reaching fraud perpetrators under existing laws.

"Lewis Franklin, assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury and director of Liberty loans, told the conferees that since the Treasury started the sale of Liberty bonds 20,000,000 homes have been visited or solicited by mail by tricksters to get their Liberty bonds for bad

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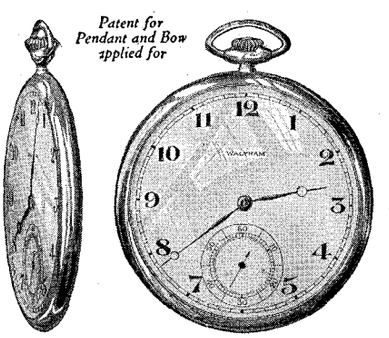

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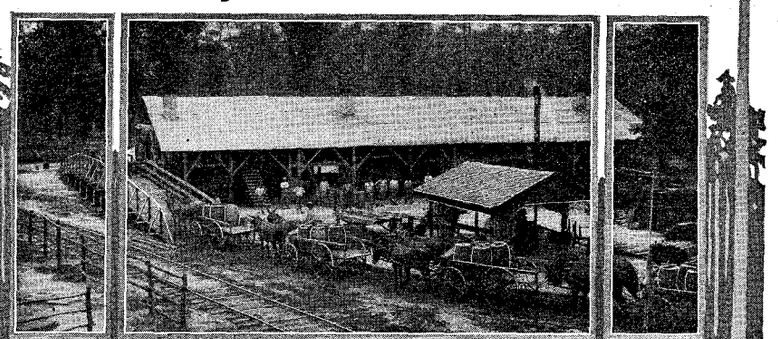

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stock in all sorts of wildcat promotion schemes, many of which were fraudulent. 'These tricksters,' he declared, 'have thrown away their sucker lists because everybody is a bond-buyer and in their sucker class now.' Their schemes, he continued, hurt both the Government and the bondholders. The individual loses his bonds and the bonds are thrown on the market.

"Edward Brogan, Assistant United States Attorney in New York, who has handled many cases of such fraud, said there was little doubt that the sharpers had turned to bondholders as fresh and easy victims. They are operating on a larger scale than ever, he said, and they have competent legal advice that permits them to skate on the edges of the law without fear. C. B. Morse, of the Investment Bankers' Association, brought out the fact that in the past the American public has been victimized to the extent of from $250,000,000 to $500,000,000 a year, and that conditions were rapidly becoming worse."

HOW THE THRIFT-STAMP CAMPAIGN HAS SUCCEEDED

In conjunction with the campaign to promote savings for purposes of investment in thrift stamps, only seven months old, its success seemed well assured. In December, 1917, it had begun haltingly. There was opposition to it from manufacturers and sellers of goods, who believed it would cripple their business. People were slow to take the stamps. Only $10,000,000 worth were sold in the first month. Since then, however, the opposition has gradually died away and people have taken to buying stamps all over the country. There are now 208,000 licensed agents for sales of stamps; there are 103,000 war-savings societies in the country, and there are 236,000 authorized places where stamps can be bought.

It was the original purpose to secure sales and pledges during the first year for $2,000,000,000 worth. In seven months more than two-thirds of that amount were secured—that is, $1,600,000,000 in actual sales and in pledges to buy regularly from month to month and some 35,000,000 persons, large and small, had gone with the movement. The weekly returns had risen early in July to $50,199,000, or five times the amount secured in the whole month of December. Over $7,000,000 a day was, in fact, a marked change from a daily average return of barely $1,000,000 for the first few months. It went to show that people who signed the pledge-cards were living up to their agreements, and that by force of example their influence was spreading. Instead of making false promises, they had continued to pay quarters and dollars. The movement was got well under way only after a long period of education throughout the country conducted personally by Frank A. Vanderlip for the Treasury Department. At the rate of $50,000,000 a week the Government in the course of a year would collect $2,500,000,000, or not only $500,000,000 more than the amount named as the purpose of the campaign, but not far short of the proceeds of the First Liberty Loan.

The Efficient War-Garden.—The National War-Garden Commission, of Washington, D. C., has offered prizes of $10,000 in thrift stamps for "the best canned vegetables grown in war-gardens." "Any canned vegetables growing out in your garden these days?" asks the Joplin *Globe*.

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